

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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BORN AT JERUSALEM.

(Gladys Mulock Holman Hunt, born Sept. 20, 1876.)

ENGLISH child of Eastern birth,
Welcome to our wondrous earth;
Welcome innocent blue eyes,
Opening upon Syrian skies;
Welcome, feet that soon will stand
On Judea's sacred land;
Bud from honorable stem,
Babe born at Jerusalem.

Were I of that faith of old
Christians held 'gainst Paynims bold,
I should say, the Virgin mild
Specially on thee had smiled,
That the Mother of all mothers
Had loved thine beyond the others,
Sending such a priceless gem
To her, in Jerusalem.

Or, if of still older creed,
Ere the world of Christ had need,
I should think of Rachel fair,
Hannah, who child Samuel bare;
Hebrew women, grand and calm,
Whose pure lives roll like a psalm
Down the centuries. Who like them,
Mothers of Jerusalem?

Little sweet god-daughter mine!
Thy fair unknown face will shine
Like the stars which shepherds see
Still, o'er plains of Galilee;
And thy unheard voice will fill
Silence, like Siloam's rill,
Where the hills in purple hem,
Stand about Jerusalem.

Babe, thy future who can see?
But we bless thee, full and free.
Walk, where walked Christ's stainless feet,
In the Temple and the street:
"Holy, harmless, undefied,"
Yet to parents human child;
Till thou walk with him — and them —
In the New Jerusalem.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

LETTY'S GLOBE.

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad
year,

And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and
know

By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leap'd
And laugh'd and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh yes! I see it, — Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Latter-Day Lyrics.

TAKEN AWAY.

DEATH came and touched with icy hand my
babe,
And changed its living loveliness to sleep;
Changed into marble white the restless limbs,
And hid the violet eyes in drifts of snow;
Gathered the roses from the dimpled cheeks;
But where they bloomed he left a pale rose-
leaf,

In token that my darling did but sleep.
Ah me! the sleep that never breaks on earth.
He wreathed a smile about the lips, and
framed

In rings of burnished gold the snowy brow;
Then bade us bring the fairest buds in bloom,
White stars of Bethlehem, gleaming fresh
with dew,

And strew them o'er my sleeping angel-babe,
In memory of the Heavenly Child of yore.
Then raised it, wrapped it in his sable robe,
And took it home to God.

Chambers' Journal.

SARA.

TO PHIDYLE.

(Hor. iii. 23.)

INCENSE, and flesh of swine, and this year's
grain,

At the full moon, with suppliant hands be-
stow,

O rustic Phidyle! So naught shall know
Thy crops of blight, thy vine of Afric bane,
And hale the nurselings of thy flock remain
Through the sick apple-tide. Fit victims
grow

'Twixt holm and oak upon the Algid snow,
Or Alban grass, that with their necks must
stain

The pontiff's axe: to thee can ill avail
Thy little gods with much slain to assail, —
And rosemary, and myrtle chapletries.
Lay on the altar a hand pure of fault;
More than rich gifts the powers it shall ap-
pease,

Though pious but with meal and sparkling
salt.

Spectator.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

OUTWARDS OR HOMEWARDS.

STILL are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.
O wild hearts, that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be
lost.

O weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep!

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Edinburgh Review.

ORIGIN AND WANDERINGS OF THE GYPSIES.*

LATE in the year 1417 the Hanseatic towns on the Baltic coasts and at the mouth of the Elbe were startled out of their commercial propriety by a novel and fantastic apparition. A horde of swarthy and sinister figures, in aspect and manners strangely unlike any samples of humanity which had till then come within the range of the worthy burghers' experience, suddenly appeared before the gates, first of Luneburg, then successively of Hamburg, Lübeck, Wismar, Rostock, and Stralsund. They were, the chroniclers inform us, uncouth in form as well as hideous in complexion, and their whole exterior betokened the lowest depth of poverty and degradation. The wretchedness of their plight was rendered more conspicuous by the bizarre fragments of Oriental finery with which it was sought to modify or conceal it. An ample cloak, draped in classic fashion, and striped with gay colors, which, though half obliterated by time and travel, still recalled the fabrics of Tunis or Damascus, usually disguised the filth and raggedness of their remaining apparel. Even when this relic of dignified costume was absent, a gaudy handkerchief or brilliant cockade never failed to denote the grotesque solicitude of these singular strangers for the adornment of their unprepossessing persons. The women and young children travelled in rude carts, drawn by asses or mules; the men trudged

alongside, casting fierce and suspicious glances at those they met from underneath their lowering brows; the elder children, unkempt and half-clad, swarmed in every direction, calling with shrill cries the attention of the passers-by to their uncommon feats of jugglery and legerdemain.

At the head of this motley caravan rode two principal leaders, followed by a train of minor dignitaries. They were pompously mounted on gaily-caparisoned horses, and all the insignia by which the baronial rank was at that period distinguished were parodied in their trappings and accoutrements. It was observed, however, that the hounds which their attendants held in leash showed more eagerness to worry the peaceful inmates of the farmyard than to chase the wild denizens of the forest; and their masters were quickly suspected of entertaining a livelier taste for domestic rapine than for field-sports. These nondescript chieftains styled themselves "Dukes of Little Egypt," and called their followers *Secané*, a word quickly transformed by Teutonic pronunciation into its modern representative, *Zigeuner*. Amongst the lower orders, however, the new arrivals were long familiarly known by the appellation of "Tartars," which, in those days of rough and ready classification, was in Germany applied indiscriminately to all nomad tribes. Nor did the "Egyptian" dukes come unprovided with credentials. They presented to the magistrates of the various towns visited by them certain letters of protection purporting to have been given early in that same year at Lindau by the emperor Sigismund, then plunged deep in the affairs of the Council of Constance. The imperial safe-conduct, having set forth that Dukes Michael and Andrew of Little Egypt, with their people, were engaged in a seven years' pilgrimage, imposed upon them by their bishops in expiation of the apostasy of their forefathers from the Christian faith, commanded that they should be received and protected by all loyal subjects of the Holy Roman Empire, whithersoever they might turn their steps. This singular document bore all the marks of authenticity, and in deference to its injunctions, the "peni-

* 1. *Ueber die Mundarten und Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's.* Von Dr. FRANZ MIKLOSICH. Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien: 1872-7.

2. *Etude sur les Tchinghians ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman.* Par ALEXANDRE G. PASPATI, D.M. Constantinople: 1870.

3. *Zigeunerisches.* Von G. J. ASCOLL. Halle: 1865.

4. *Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa.* Ein Vortrag von CARL HOFF. Gotha: 1870.

5. *De l'apparition et de la dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe: Nouvelles Recherches, etc.* Par PAUL BATAILLARD. Paris: 1844, 1849.

6. *Die Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und in ihrer Sprache.* Von Dr. jur. RICHARD LIEBICH. Leipzig: 1863.

7. *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien.* Von Dr. A. F. POTT. Halle: 1844-5.

8. *Romano Davo-Lil: Word-book of the Romany.* By GEORGE BORROW. London: 1874.

tents" were at first treated everywhere with respect and consideration. It was not until their peculiar views on the subject of property came abruptly into collision with the matter-of-fact notions of the Hanse citizens, that the authorities so far departed from their obedience to the imperial mandate as to compel several of the dusky strangers to terminate their "pilgrimage" prematurely on the gallows.

Forsaking the Baltic provinces, the band then sought a more friendly refuge in central Germany; but their depredations in Meissen, Leipzig, and Hesse caused their speedy banishment, and in 1418 they turned their steps towards Switzerland. They reached Zürich on August 1, and encamped during six days before the town, exciting much sympathy by their pious tale and lamentable appearance. Their popularity was not diminished by the circumstances that, notwithstanding their penitential rags, their pockets were well filled with gold pieces; that they lived on the fat of the land, and paid in ready money for what they consumed. The credulous citizens believed that these ample supplies were furnished to them by the opulent and considerate relatives whom they had left behind in "Little Egypt;" had they been better acquainted with their habits and history, their unaccountable wealth would have presented itself in a more questionable light.

Soon after leaving Zürich the wanderers divided their forces. One detachment crossed the Botzberg, and by its sudden appearance created a panic amongst the peaceable inhabitants of the Provençal town of Sisteron, who, fearing the worst from these wild-looking "Saracens," fed them with a hundred loaves, and induced them to depart forthwith. The main body, led by two dukes, two earls, and a bevy of "knights," turned towards Alsace, swarmed through Strasburg, and on November 1 halted under the walls of Nuremberg, where they were gazed at and succored with wondering hospitality. We next hear of them in Italy. This was in 1422, when the original term of their chartered vagrancy was drawing to a close, and when the short lease by which they held their reputation for sanctity had long since

expired. Their leaders, who were evidently not wanting in astuteness, perceived that, if their waning credit was to be restored, some process of rehabilitation must be gone through, and a visit to Rome was decided on as the surest and easiest means of attaining the desired end. A preliminary gathering seems to have been held in Switzerland, long the chosen rendezvous of their scattered bands, and Duke Andrew was there appointed to lead the adventurous party, which was to cross the Alps, reach the chief city of Christendom, and penetrate, if possible, even into the august presence of the supreme pontiff. We find in the "Chronicle of Bologna," printed by Muratori,* a detailed account of their proceedings in that town, repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in most of the others favored with their presence. It runs as follows:—

On the 11th day of July, 1422, a certain duke of Egypt, named Duke Andrew, arrived in Bologna, with men, women, and children of his nation to the number of fully one hundred persons. This duke having denied the Christian faith, the king of Hungary conquered his country, and captured his person. Then the duke, having informed the said king of his desire to return to Christianity, was baptized with a portion of his subjects, amounting to about four thousand men. Those that persisted in their apostasy were put to death. After the king of Hungary had taken and re-baptized them, he ordained that they should wander through the world for seven years, that they should go to Rome, present themselves to the pope, and then return to their native country. When they reached Bologna, their peregrinations had already lasted five years, and more than half their number had perished. They had with them a decree of the king of Hungary, who was also emperor, in virtue of which they could rob without penalty or hindrance wherever they went during the entire course of those seven years.† On

* *Scriptorum Rerum Italicarum* tom. xviii.

† We are not called upon to believe that this incredible concession was actually contained in the imperial patent. The report of its existence was probably circulated by the ingenious wayfarers themselves as a cover for their predatory habits. Nevertheless, there is a certain parallel between it and the following singular form of oath, which, until comparatively recent times, was administered to gypsies in Hungarian courts of justice. "As King Pharaoh was engulfed in the Red Sea, so may I be accursed and swallowed up by the deepest abyss, if I do not speak the truth! May no theft, no traffic, or any other business prosper with

their arrival in Bologna, they took up their quarters at the Porta di Galiera, within as well as without the gate, and in crowds under the porticoes; but the duke lodged in the *Albergo del R2*. They tarried fifteen days, during which time many visited them because of the duke's wife, who, they said, was a sorceress, and could tell the future events as well as present circumstances of each person's life; how many were their children, whether a woman was good or bad, and such like. With regard to most of these things, what she said was true. And of those who went to have their fortunes told, few there were who had not their purses stolen, or some portion of their garments cut away. Their women also traversed the city six or eight together, entering the houses of the citizens and diverting them with idle talk, while one of the party secured whatever she could lay her hands upon. In the shops, too, they pretended to buy, but in fact stole, so that there were great robberies in Bologna. Wherefore an edict was issued, prohibiting recourse being had to them, under penalty of a fine of fifty *lire* and excommunication. They were amongst the cleverest thieves that the world contained. But license was given to those who had been robbed to steal in return from them up to the value of their losses, and thus it came about that several men went together one night to a stable where some of their horses were kept, and carried off the finest one amongst them. Whereupon the others, wishing to have their horse restored, agreed to make restitution to our people of a quantity of goods. Then, finding they could rob no more, they went on towards Rome. Be it noted that they were the most hideous crew ever seen in those parts. They were lean and black, and ate like pigs. Their women wore mantles flung across one shoulder, with only a vest underneath; they had rings in their ears, and long veils on their heads.

We have no record of the progress of the "Egyptians" beyond Forlì, where Fra Girolamo commemorates their arrival on August 7. He does not seem to have formed a more favorable opinion of their habits or manners than his brother chronicler of Bologna, describing them as "a people not over-civilized, but resembling rather savage and untamed beasts." He

me! May my horse turn into an ass at the next stroke of his hoof, and may I end my days on the scaffold by the ministry of the hangman!" (Hopf, "*Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa*," p. 37.)

adds a curious hint as to their origin. "Some of them," he says, "maintained that they came from India."*

This statement is remarkable for its isolation no less than for its intrinsic significance. In this chance phrase of the historiographer of Forlì we find probably the sole surviving vestige of a genuine Indian tradition brought with them by the gypsies to Europe†—an obscure and neglected testimony, long afterwards unexpectedly confirmed.

The adventures in Rome of this singular tribe would doubtless have made an interesting story; but it has unfortunately remained unwritten. We only know that the object of the expedition was by some means successfully attained, since they subsequently showed all over Europe a papal brief, to every appearance genuine, confirming their pretensions to the alms and compassion of the faithful. It ought perhaps to be added that several respectable authorities, including Muratori, have treated both imperial and papal safe-conducts as palpable forgeries. We cannot share this view. Of the *bond-fide* character of the first, it seems to us there can be no reasonable doubt, and the authenticity of the second follows as a probable consequence. The Egyptian fable, it should be remembered, did not outrage the common sense of the fifteenth as it does that of the nineteenth century, when marginal possibilities have been reduced to a minimum by increased geographical and historical knowledge; and as Sigismund took it on trust at the recommendation of his Hungarian viceroy, Nicholas of Gara, so Martin V., or the officials of his court, would not unnaturally take it on trust at the recommendation of Sigismund.

During the ensuing years the nomad strangers emerge from time to time into

* "*Chronicon Fratris Hieronymi de Forlivio*," Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xix.

† The conversation reported by Sebastian Münster in his "*Cosmographia Universalis*" as having taken place between himself and some gypsies at Heidelberg, has been misinterpreted in this sense; and a misinterpretation, especially of a passage occurring in an obscure and ponderous volume, once started, is apt to gain authority by repetition, until nine full points of the law are in its favor. The truth is, that the passage in question proves nothing except the nomads' Homeric ignorance of geography.

the twilight of some obscure contemporary record, now in one spot, and shortly after at one far distant — now with one version of their crafty tale upon their lips, and again with another, according to the dictation of circumstances or the suggestion of their subtle instinct for deceit. Sometimes a story is brought forward which reminds us of the legend of the Wandering Jew — how their forefathers had refused hospitality to the holy family in Egypt, and how, for this ancestral crime, they were condemned, like Ahasuerus, to a cycle of unrest. Sometimes it is the sultan of Egypt, sometimes the king of Hungary, who figures as the prime agent in their misfortunes; sometimes they appear as renegade Christians, again as converted heathens; but the inevitable upshot of these varying preliminaries is always to present an apology for persistent vagrancy, and to afford a pretext for unblushing mendicancy. Their appearance before Paris in the dazzling summer of 1427, provided the Athenians on the banks of the Seine with a new sensation, and offered a welcome diversion from the painful novelties incidental to an English occupation. The ubiquitous band is heard of three years later at Metz, and again in 1433 in Bavaria, after which it seems to have been gradually dispersed or absorbed. M. Bataillard is probably right in attributing to the rapid peregrinations of a single horde, consisting of a few hundred individuals, the numerous and distant manifestations by which western Europe was, during those years, astonished and disquieted. They were in fact a scouting party, collecting the information they desired through secret channels, with the tortuous winding of which they were intimately acquainted. While the main body halted tranquilly in Hungary, protected by the favor of the viceroy, the detachment led by Dukes Michael and Andrew, Counts Ion and Panuel, industriously explored the condition of the countries which they coveted for their camping-ground, and sounded the dispositions of the peoples whom they designed for their dupes.

The momentary emotion caused by their transient presence had died out, and the popular memory preserved but a faint trace of their earlier visits, when, in 1438, the great wave of gypsy immigration broke over the West. They no longer came in hundreds but in thousands. They were no longer led by dukes or counts, but by a king, whose name, *Zindl*, was one of the very few native appellatives retained by them in their intercourse with Europeans.

In a few years, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain were overrun with dusky visaged Orientals, speaking an unknown tongue, aliens to the religion and morality of Christendom, boasting of occult knowledge, and laying claim to a mythical fatherland. Like the Tartars, these unbidden visitors possessed the art of travelling invisible, of scattering and assembling, of living without a commissariat, of marching without a road, of vanishing at the note of danger, and of reappearing at the prospect of booty. Their progress was besides facilitated by the skill with which they secured favor at both extremes of the social scale. They managed to conciliate the good-will of princes, at the same time that they ingratiated themselves with the dregs of the populace. Although their practices quickly fell under the ban of the Church, they for a time partially succeeded in gaining the shelter of a pious profession. They demanded, under feigned pretexts, the alms of the clergy, while they told the fortunes and picked the pockets of the faithful. While the gypsy chiefs entered into leagues with kings, and exercised an independent jurisdiction within the bounds of their several realms, the gypsy people silently reinforced the ranks of the criminal classes, and noiselessly absorbed into their bosom the outcasts and the fugitives from civilized society. This anomalous state of things could not last long. The only cause for surprise is that it did not terminate sooner. After being unwisely tolerated, the gypsies were cruelly persecuted in almost every state in Europe; but toleration and persecution alike failed to mitigate the evils which their unwelcome but inevitable presence occasioned. Farther on, however, we shall, in a few words, recur to their later history; we must now endeavor to deal with what we may call the penumbral portion of their annals, before plunging into the all but total eclipse which overshadows their primeval condition.

Although the attempt to trace to their source the obscure impulses of a barbarous people must always be abundantly liable to error, still we may conjecture with some probability that the death in 1437 of the emperor Sigismund gave the final fillip to the resolution, long cherished in secret by his vagrant clients, of seeking fresh outlets and penetrating into the interstices of a larger social fabric. The original source of disturbance was, there can be little doubt, the Mohammedan conquest of Wallachia (1415), where, from an indeterminate epoch, the gypsies had been

settled in great numbers. Recent investigations have demonstrated that their arrival in the east of Europe preceded by at least a century their appearance in the West. The proofs of this fact are of two kinds — documentary and linguistic — and include evidence of every degree of value, from doubtful suggestion to rational certitude. We put aside at the outset of this enquiry, as worse than useless, the wild surmises as to the origin of the gypsies in which so many writers on the subject have indulged. One theory recognizes them as descendants of the wandering votaries of Isis; another identifies them with the "mixed multitude" which followed Israel out of Egypt. According to one view, they fled from Bactria before the incursions of the White Huns and Afghans; according to another, they turned westward on the fall of Babylon; according to a third, they entered Egypt with the Mamelukes. These are, moreover, but specimens, and by no means the least favorable that could be produced, of the random notions which have prevailed even amongst thoughtful men on this point. We will not trespass upon our readers' time and patience by stopping to expose the fallacies on which these loose conjectures severally rest. Not an iota of real evidence can be adduced in favor of any one of them, and historical research would become an empty phrase if such crude imaginings were to pass current as rational hypotheses. A hundred years ago, in the absence of any grounds for forming a sounder opinion, surmises, however fanciful, might be excused; but now that a reliable basis for investigation is afforded by the modern science of comparative philology, they ought no longer to be tolerated.

The first task of an enquirer into an obscure subject such as that upon which we are now engaged, should be, if a profitable issue is to be secured, to sift and classify the evidence at his command. A considerable portion of it will not improbably turn out to be purely mythical; and this, should he be gifted with the right use of reason, he will reject unflinchingly. A further portion will perhaps appear entirely reliable; and here again his course will be free from embarrassment. The real difficulty lies in the region of half-lights and dubious possibilities. It should, however, be steadily borne in mind that a strong case can afford to be understated, while a weak one gains nothing by exaggeration. Conclusive evidence, however minute in quantity, should be studiously

separated from what is merely conjectural; and the over-zealous advocate who endeavors to place guesses on a par with demonstrations, succeeds only in discrediting the strong points of the cause he pleads, not in fortifying the feeble. We shall strive in the following pages to make our practice, to some extent at least, conformable to our precepts; and although we cannot pretend to offer a final solution of this difficult problem, we hope at any rate to extract from the confused and contradictory mass of statements accumulated in the literature of the subject, some tolerably clear indications as to the direction in which that solution may be looked for. In maritime language, we can discern a clear lead through the ice-floes into the open sea, although our bark has not yet entirely freed itself from the hampering masses which impede its course.

We will first state the positive results which have been arrived at, and then endeavor to form a just estimate of the several degrees of credit to which the more doubtful items of testimony are respectively entitled. In a valuable series of papers, communicated during a period of five years — from 1872 to 1877 — to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, Dr. Franz Miklosich exhibits a method of investigation which future enquirers cannot do better than adopt for the regulation of their researches. It is not indeed in the power of every one to use it as Dr. Miklosich has done, since it requires for its fit manipulation an unusual amount of linguistic knowledge, and a still more uncommon stock of scientific patience. But its conclusions, when legitimately arrived at, leave no room for doubt or cavil. It is founded on the peculiarities of the gypsy language (which we may more conveniently call the *Romany*), and consists in a careful separation and classification of the heterogeneous foreign elements with which that tongue is in different countries variously adulterated. This inevitable corruption is no doubt due to the habits of the people using it rather than to any special assimilative power in the language itself. The fact is at least undeniable that the gypsies invariably borrow from the vocabulary of every nation with which they come into contact, in proportions varying with the duration of that contact. They moreover, like other habitual borrowers, omit to restore the goods of which they have become fortuitously possessed, and, oblivious of previous ownership, eventually confound their casual acquisitions with their proper patrimony. Thus, as the secret of their

origin lay enveloped in the primitive fabric of their native speech, so we may find a clue to their wanderings in the parti-colored rags and foreign patches with which the roadside dilapidations of the original texture have been summarily repaired.

This system, if judiciously applied, has the merit of yielding negative as well as positive results. For instance, we can say with confidence that the people whose name in several European languages, including our own, implies an Egyptian descent, have at no time entered into collective relations with the dwellers in the land of Pharaoh. Gypsies are indeed found in Egypt as in almost every other part of the habitable globe, but under the same conditions as elsewhere. They are alien wanderers by the shores of the Nile, as they are along the banks of the Thames, and their dusky tents are equally foreign to the soil when they blot the yellow sands at the base of the Great Pyramid and when they are pitched on the greensward beside Melrose or Stonehenge. It is certain that if the gypsies had approached Europe by way of Egypt some Coptic admixture would have penetrated into their speech. This not being the case, we unhesitatingly conclude that their route must have lain in a different direction. On the other hand, from the fact that, of the thirteen European dialects of Romy, all without exception contain a well-marked Greek element, the inference is obvious that the entire body, previous to their dispersion through the rest of Europe, halted during some considerable time amongst a Greek-speaking population. On the same principle, when an analysis of the English gypsy tongue discloses the existence of Slav, Magyar, German, and French ingredients, side by side with the invariable Greek constituent, all flung pell-mell into the original Indian receptacle, we are justified in asserting that the gypsies of England must, at some stage of their wanderings, have lived in countries where these various languages were severally spoken. By similar reasoning we arrive at a corresponding conclusion in the case of each of the other European tribes. We can even go one step farther. The common stock of gypsy speech is found to contain a certain number of words unmistakably Persian and Armenian; and, guided by this unerring indication, we are enabled to follow these mysterious nomads backwards along two stages of their long Asiatic pilgrimage. Thus, their language not only betrays their Indian origin, but reveals a sojourn on the table-lands of

Irak and Anatolia, a prolonged halt in the Grecian peninsula, and records the subsequent intercourse of each separate horde with the different European nations.

Some scanty fragments of evidence corroborative of the early presence of this people in eastern Europe have been extricated by the diligence of M. Bataillard and others from the obscurity of mediæval records. These demand at our hands a brief notice. The mere coincidence of a name is not much to be depended upon. It may suggest, but it should never supersede enquiry. As an example of the misleading nature of this kind of testimony, we may mention the letter of Ottocar II., king of Bohemia (July 13, 1260), to Pope Alexander IV., describing a victory gained by him over Bela IV., king of Hungary. In the text published by Ludewig the word *Gingarorum* appears in a catalogue of savage and schismatic tribes led to battle on the Morava by the Hungarian king, and the inference was at once drawn, with some show of probability, that gypsies were already in the thirteenth century settled in Danubian regions. On further examination, however, the significant name turned out to be a mere copyist's error for *Bulgarorum*; and indications less problematical had to be sought elsewhere. Nor can we lay much stress on a charter of Boleslas V., king of Poland (date 1256), in favor of certain "*advena, qui vulgari-ter Szalassii vocantur.*" Now *szalasy*, in Polish as well as in other Slav languages (with unimportant local modifications), signifies "tent;" and the enslaved gypsies of Wallachia were, up to a recent date (their emancipation was completed in 1856), regularly sold by *salassuri*—that is, by tents or families. Hence the plausible conjecture that the *Szalassii* protected by Boleslas V. were no other than tented gypsies straggling northward from the Danube. The clue is a slight one, and becomes still slighter when we consider the liability at that time of the outlying regions of Europe to incursions from stray bodies of Tartars and other nomads. Nevertheless, it is not altogether to be neglected.

The evidence of the existence of gypsies in the south-eastern extremity of Europe during the following century is of a different and far more satisfactory character. We have first a passage in the "Itinerary" of Simeon Simeonis, an Irish monk of the Minorite order, in which he describes the habits of a singular tribe encountered by him in the island of Crete in 1322.

We there saw [he says] a people living outside the city (of Candia), who worship according to the Greek rite, and declare themselves of the race of Ham. They rarely or never abide in one place longer than thirty days; but, as if accursed of Heaven, wander, fugitive and dispersed, from cavern to cavern, or shift from one field to another their little tents, which, like those of the Arabs, are low, black, and oblong. It is impossible to dwell in common with them, the spots they inhabit becoming, after the above-named space, full of filth and vermin.

It seems to be generally agreed that the people whose mode of life is here delineated were in point of fact a tribe of gypsies, and we see no objection to giving in our adhesion to this view. Their adoption of the Greek form of worship is completely in accordance with the universal gypsy custom of everywhere conforming outwardly to the predominant local religion.

We next encounter them in Corfu: probably before 1346, since there is a good reason to believe them to be indicated under the name of "*homines vageniti*" in a document emanating from the empress Catherine of Valois, who died in that year; certainly about 1370, when they were settled upon a fief recognized as the *feudum Acinganorum* by the Venetians, who, in 1386, succeeded to the rights of the house of Valois in the island. This fief continued to subsist, under the lordship of the Barons de Abitabulo and of the house of Prosalendi, down to the abolition of feudalism in Corfu in the beginning of present century. There remain to be noted two important pieces of evidence relating to this period. The first is contained in a charter of Mircea I., waiwode of Wallachia, dated 1387, renewing a grant of forty "tents" of gypsies, made by his uncle Ladislaus to the monastery of St. Anthony at Vodici. Ladislaus began to reign in 1369. The second consists in the confirmation accorded in 1398 by the Venetian governor of Nauplion of the privileges extended by his predecessors to the *Acingani* dwelling in that district. Thus we find gypsies wandering through Crete in 1322, settled in Corfu from 1346, enslaved in Wallachia about 1370, protected in the Peloponnesus before 1398. Nor is their any reason to believe that their arrival in those countries was a recent one. On the contrary, they appear as a familiar and well-established part of the population, whose presence excited no surprise, and whose origin stirred no curiosity.

So far our course has been attended by no serious difficulty; but we confess that it requires some courage to plunge into the dark places beyond, which, although they invite us with the mystery they conceal, repel us by the confusion we discover in them. Some twilight glimmerings of probable truth, however, we can discern, guided by which we may hope that our researches will not prove wholly fruitless. Common prudence would suggest that we should tread cautiously where the footing is uncertain, and the most ordinary experience teaches us that if we would read by the light of a tallow candle, we must bring our pages closer to its blurred ray than would be necessary if it possessed the illuminating power of a Drummond light or an electric lamp. Nevertheless, writers are found in every department of knowledge who seem to think that paucity of data can be compensated by fertility of invention, and that critical acumen may, on occasions of difficulty, be superseded by extravagant imagination. It is thus not to be wondered at if they fall headlong into those pitfalls and quagmires towards which a will-o'-the-wisp fancy beckons all who strive to emancipate themselves from the prosaic guidance of logical reasoning. We therefore, warned by their example, while following carefully the scanty indications tending towards a rational conclusion, and pointing out, to the best of our ability, the line of proof by which the soundness of that conclusion may hereafter be verified, can make small account of historical guesses, precariously supported by etymological conjectures.

The problem of the origin of the gypsies is, in the main, a philological one; although other kinds of evidence are also of considerable importance for its solution. But, while the case may be tried in the first instance in the court of historical enquiry, the final appeal undoubtedly lies at the bar of linguistic science. The fundamental Romany idiom, when stripped of the miscellaneous foreign overgrowths which, in different countries, variously conceal its true form, is found, notwithstanding its present degraded condition, to belong by hereditary right to a highly aristocratic family of languages. The pedigree of this Plantagenet in rags is decipherable in the complex grammatical structure and elaborate phonetic system inherited, at least collaterally, from the most ancient and illustrious of Aryan tongues. Romany stands in precisely the same relation to Sanskrit as the living languages of northern India, and is, in every respect, strictly co-ordinate

with them. The analogy is indeed so close, that it has been ranked as an eighth beside the seven representative forms of speech selected by Mr. J. C. Beames * as the most widely diffused and characteristic among the numerous Aryan dialects spoken south of the Himalayas. It is then certain, not only that they sprang from the same source, but that they were developed under the same conditions and in one common home, which can have been no other than the peninsula of Hindustan. This being clearly established as the starting-point of our investigation, the questions at issue regarding gypsy origin practically resolve themselves into these two: At what period did they set out on their western pilgrimage? and from what tribal stock did they immediately spring?

It would seem at first sight that the determination of the first of these points would naturally fall within the competence of the young and enterprising science of comparative philology. But first the means should be at hand of following with some accuracy the historical development of at least one of the languages to be compared. These means are in the present instance unfortunately denied to us. There is a portentous gap in our acquaintance with Indian tongues between the disappearance of the Prākritis, or intermediate idioms, about the beginning of our era, and the emergence with the poet Chand, in the twelfth century, of the modern analytical dialects. In the interval a radical change had taken place. Phonetic decay had worn down the Old-Indian case-suffixes until they were no longer fit for service, and dialectic regeneration had stepped in to supply the deficiency by expedients of its own choosing. Now Romany agrees with the New-Indian languages, not only in the general principle of their inflection, but also in the particular means employed for the purpose; and it may therefore be looked upon as certain that its separation from the parent stock occurred subsequently to the formation of those languages. But we have already seen that the *data* are wanting which would have enabled us to fix this period definitely. Nevertheless, Dr. Miklosich, after careful consideration, believed himself able to indicate approximately the year 1000 A.D. as the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. It is true that out of regard (as we think, a mistaken regard) to the supposed exigencies of a later theory, he was

subsequently induced to modify this view; but a hesitating after-thought cannot be looked upon as in any way invalidating his original and unbiassed judgment.

The question as to the parentage of the tribe whose antecedents we have proposed to ourselves to study, demands a somewhat more detailed examination. Conjecture in this field has been so rife, and reliable information remains so scarce, that we must order our course with caution if we would ourselves escape the reproach of hasty theorizing, which we have addressed to others. Moreover, while we endeavor on one side to steer clear of the Scylla of rash credulity, we run the risk of being engulfed, on the other, by the Charybdis of unwise scepticism; for our prospect of attaining a satisfactory result would be no less impaired by indiscriminate rejection than by inconsiderate admission. The difficulty of this subject consists not so much in the paucity of materials, as in the abundance of contradictory surmises, with which the few grains of ascertainable fact have been enveloped and concealed by the prolific ingenuity of speculators. Our object, then, must be to rescue these facts as far as possible from such an unsatisfactory position, to divert from them the false lights of preconception, and to set them in the places which their different values and varying import entitle them to occupy. We do not forget, in the mean time, that an hypothesis, if constructed with discretion and propounded with sobriety, is an invaluable implement for the discovery of truth. We shall not, then, while carefully discriminating what is merely conjectural from what is already securely established, refrain from pointing out the direction towards which it seems to us that many separate lines of evidence converge. We do so with the greater confidence, that the growing resources of linguistic science afford the means of testing the theory we are about to suggest, and we are thus encouraged to hope that this obscure problem may at length receive a triumphant solution at the hands of some of the eminent Orientalists whose attention has already been attracted towards it.

Professor Pott, at the suggestion of Dr. Fleischer of Leipzig, first drew attention, in the "*Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*" for 1849, to the remarkable bearing of some passages extracted from mediæval Persian writers on the question of the origin of the gypsies. This eminent author, like most of those whom we have chosen as our special authorities, being solicitous rather for the

* Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, Sindhi, Panjabi, Gujarati, and Oriya. A Comparative Grammar of Indian Languages. London: 1872.

accumulation of facts than for the evolution of ideas, left it to M. Bataillard to construct a formal hypothesis on the basis he had indicated. The theory, however, found little favor, and had been in great measure superseded, in the regard even of its first advocate, by other views, when Professor de Goeje, of Leyden, once more, in 1875, directed notice to it. We believe that it is possible to set this idea in a light which may tend to give it a more plausible aspect, as well as a more definite outline.

In the great Persian epic, the "*Shah-nameh*," or "Book of Kings," Firdusi relates an historical tradition to the following effect. About the year 420 A.D., Behrām-Gūr, a wise and beneficent ruler of the Sassanian dynasty, finding that his poorer subjects languished for lack of recreation, bethought himself of some means by which to divert their spirits amid the oppressive cares of a laborious life. For this purpose he sent an embassy to Shākal, king of Canoj and maharajah of India, with whom he had entered into a strict bond of amity, requesting him to select from among his subjects, and transmit to the dominions of his Persian ally, such persons as could, by their arts, help to lighten the burden of existence, and lend a charm to the monotony of toil. The result was the importation of twelve thousand minstrels, male and female, to whom the king assigned certain lands, as well as an ample supply of corn and cattle, to the end that, living independently, they might provide his people with gratuitous amusement. But at the end of one year they were found to have neglected agricultural operations, to have wasted their seed-corn, and to be thus destitute of all means of subsistence. Then Behrām-Gūr, being angry, commanded them to take their asses and instruments, and roam through the country, earning a livelihood by their songs. The poet concludes as follows: "The Lûry, agreeably to this mandate, now wander about the world in search of employment, associating with dogs and wolves, and thieving on the road by day and by night."*

These words, written more than eight centuries and a half ago, accurately describe the condition of one of the nomad tribes of Persia at the present day. Their name, which has continued unchanged since the time of Firdusi, probably means "street-singers," † and they must not be

confounded with the settled inhabitants of Luristan, the principal haunt of the vagrant Lûry being Kurdistan. They have been commonly identified by travellers as members of the gypsy family, and Sir Henry Pottinger's description of those encountered by him in Beloochistan strongly countenances this view.

The Loories [he writes] are a class of vagabonds who have no fixed habitations, and in many other respects their character bears a marked affinity to the gipsies of Europe. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, have a king to each troop, and are notorious for kidnapping and pilfering. Their favorite pastimes are drinking, dancing, and music, the instruments of which they invariably carry along with the fraternity, which is likewise attended by half-a-dozen of bears and monkeys, that are broke in to perform all manner of grotesque tricks. In each company there are always two or three members who profess an insight into the abstruse sciences of Rumi and Qoorua, besides other modes of divining, which procure them a ready admission into every society, among a people who believe so firmly in predestination.*

The tradition of the importation of the Lûry from India is related by no less than five Persian or Arab writers. First, about the year 940, by Hamza, an Arab historian born at Ispahan; next, as we have seen, by Firdusi; in 1126 by the author of the "*Modjmel-al-Tevaryk*;" in the chronicle called "*Taryk-Gusydeh*," of 1329; and in the fifteenth century by Mirkhond, the historian of the Sassanides. Of these, some may not improbably have written at second hand; but there is reason to believe that at least two, Hamza and Firdusi, derived their information from independent and original sources. The point of chief interest in the story has yet to be adverted to. The transplanted musicians are called by Hamza, *Zuth* and, in some manuscripts of Mirkhond's history, the same name occurs, written, according to the Indian orthography, *Djatt*. These words are undistinguishable when pronounced, and may in fact be looked upon as phonetically equivalent, the Arabic *z* being the legitimate representative of the Indian *dj*. Now *Zuth* or *Zott* (as it is indifferently written) is one of the designations of the Syrian gypsies, and *Djatt* is the tribal appellation of an ancient Indian race, still widely diffused throughout the Punjab and Beloochistan. Thus, we find that the modern Lûry who may, without fear of error, be

* Col. J. Staples Harriot, "Oriental Origin of the Romichal," Trans. Royal Asiatic Society, 1830.

† M. de Gobineau, "*Persische Studien*," *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*,

1857. The derivation of "Lûry," given by Col. Harriot, from *lohari*, Hindi for "smiths," although repeated by Pott, seems extremely doubtful.

* Travels in Beloochistan and Sind, p. 133.

classed as Persian gypsies, derive a traditional origin from certain Indian minstrels, called by an Arab author of the tenth century *Zuth*, and by a Persian historian of the fifteenth *Djatt*—a name claimed on the one hand by the gypsies frequenting the neighborhood of Damascus, and on the other by a people dwelling in the valley of the Indus.* Led by these striking coincidences, and hoping to find in this quarter the desired solution of our enigma, we seek a nearer acquaintance with the race thus emphatically thrust upon our attention.

When the drop-scene of primeval silence rises from the stage of history, the *Djatt* (*anglice*, Jats) are discovered as a rude and predatory people, living in reed huts on the marshy lands about the delta of the Indus, between Mansoura and the Mekran, or breeding camels and grazing cattle on the pasturages of the interior. Although an Aryan race of the purest type, their ethnical peculiarities held them in a striking manner aloof from the other Aryan races of Hindustan. Their habits were aggressive and enterprising; those of the remaining Indian populations were peaceable and sedentary. They were explorers and colonizers; the typical Hindu regarded life as in some sort tributary to the sacred stream of the Ganges. The Jats were averse to religious speculations, and rejected all sectarian observances; the Hindu was mystical and meditative, and a slave to the superstitions of caste. From a remote period there were Jat settlements along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the earlier Mohammedan khalifs endeavored to break down the barrier which their antagonism opposed to the advance of Islam in India, by deporting large colonies of them to Armenian and Syrian territories. In the ninth century there was a Jat quarter in Antioch, and one of the first triumphs of the Crescent was the conquest of the Jat colony between Râmhormouz and Arradjân. In 810, a formidable group settled in the Tigris valley rose in revolt during the troubles of succession following upon the death of Haroun-al-Raschid, and for many years defied the whole force of the divided khalifate. In 834, the great city of Bagdad did not disdain to celebrate, as if it had been a splendid extension of the empire of the prophet, the reduction, amid the marshes of Khuzistan, of this rebel horde of savage and desperate strangers. But it was from the Ghaznevide conqueror and at home that the

independence of the Jats received its death-blow. The victorious army of Mahmoud, when returning laden with spoil from the Somnauth expedition of 1025, was attacked and pillaged by them on the banks of the Indus. Their temerity was chastised with exemplary rigor. Broken and dispersed by the resistless arms of the sultan of Ghazni, they were not however annihilated, and the Jat tribe still forms the staple of the Sikh population in the Punjab, as well as the majority of the cultivators and cattle-breeders of Sind.

We now ask ourselves, how do the past history and present character of this people harmonize with their presumed affinity to the gypsies? At the first glance, we are staggered to find them on the whole a peaceful, inoffensive race, in the matter of depredations often more sinned against than sinning. But on looking closer we cannot fail to be struck by certain remarkable similarities. The language of the Jats is described as a dialect midway between Punjabi and Sindhi.* Philologists are unanimous in looking upon the north-west corner of India as the native region of the language of the gypsies. The Jats have shown singular tenacity in preserving their vernacular in the midst of strange tongues. The Romany idiom has everywhere defied proscription and survived adulteration.† The Jats have accepted neither Brahma nor Buddha, and have never adopted any national religion whatever. The church of the gypsies, according to a popular saying in Hungary, "was built of bacon, and long ago eaten by the dogs,"—the keener appetite of the Dragon of Wantley being, we presume, superfluous in the case of an edifice constructed of such tempting materials. Moreover, travellers who have had personal intercourse with Jat tribes, have not failed to record their conviction of a close relationship between them and the enigmatical wanderers of Europe; and this without any prepossessions on the subject, and in spite of a marked difference in the general habits of the two peoples. Captain Richard F. Burton wrote in 1849:‡ "It seems probable, from the appearance and other peculiarities of the race, that the Jats are connected by consanguinity with that singular race, the gypsies." Mr.

* The Country of Balochistan, by A. W. Hughes. 1877.

† It is true that symptoms of decadence and abandonment of the gypsy speech are now at length manifesting themselves in some directions; but the wide truth is as stated in the text.

‡ Sindhi and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus, p. 411, note.

* Bataillard, *Nouvelles Recherches*, p. 45.

Charles Masson* informs us that "to the north and west of Kach Gandava they are not found as agriculturists, but rather as itinerant professors of humble arts, somewhat like gypsies. Under such conditions they may be discovered at Kábul, Kandahár, and even at Herát. . . . But wherever they go, they preserve their vernacular tongue the Jetki." The testimony of the most recent explorer of those regions, Mr. A. W. Hughes, is precisely to the same effect; while Captain Burton adds that "they are notorious thieves, and are held to be particularly low in the scale of the creation." Indeed the name of "Jat" is, in the eastern parts of central Asia, "synonymous with thief or scoundrel."

It is superfluous to point out how closely these descriptions tally with the notorious idiosyncrasies of the race whose genealogy has been so long involved in obscurity. We forbear to dwell on certain minor resemblances, such as appear in the general character of the songs and poetry of the two peoples, as well as in their natural aptitude for veterinary practice. The extraordinary skill displayed by the gypsies in dealing with the horse (to which we owe the introduction into English of the Roman word "jockey" †), is paralleled by the instinctive acquaintance of the Jats with the most hidden peculiarities of the camel. It would be interesting and instructive to follow more closely in the track of these analogies, but the means of doing so are not at present available. It is, however, plain enough that the Jats, upon the slightest relaxation of the bonds of regular life, spontaneously recur to the marauding habits of their ancestors—thus exemplifying a tendency which, in Darwinian phrase, we may term "social atavism." According to our view the gypsies represent the primitive characteristics of the race, developed under exceptionally favorable circumstances, and reverted to upon opportunity by the undoubted descendants of the same stock in India and Afghanistan.

The next question that presents itself in the course of our enquiry is, whether any event registered in the history of the Jats would account for an extensive migration corresponding in date with the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. The answer here lies on the sur-

face. We have seen that, from linguistic considerations alone, this event has been assigned to a period not far from the year 1000 A.D. In 1025 occurred, as already mentioned, the overwhelming disaster inflicted on the Jats by the retributive arms of the Ghaznevide sultan. The inference can scarcely be resisted, that the two circumstances were linked together as cause and effect, and that the wanderings of the gypsies in Europe are but the expiring reverberations of the great blow struck many centuries ago at their ancestors in the Punjab.

It is important, however, to bear in mind that this identification, plausible though it be, needs the support of far more cogent proofs than can as yet be adduced in its favor before it can be regarded as anything more than a promising hypothesis. We look to the future labors of comparative philologists for the crucial tests by which its truth or falsehood must ultimately be decided. From other sciences relating to man corroborative facts, but scarcely independent testimony can be expected. Where settled criteria of truth are wanting, answers to a definite interrogatory must necessarily be faltering, if not contradictory. And anthropological science is still in the empirical stage of its growth. The experiments of craniologists, for instance, although far from being either fruitless in the present or unpromising for the future, have not hitherto afforded any certain mode of identifying or classifying races. No rule of measurement has yet been devised subtle enough to enable them to distinguish between an abnormal specimen taken from one extreme section of the human family and an average example chosen from another. Nay, the types themselves are slowly modified from generation to generation, with the mixture of blood and the change of conditions; while any interpretation by which it has been attempted to translate skull-conformation into mental and moral attributes remains little more than arbitrary and unsatisfactory guess-work. The same or even a greater degree of uncertainty attends other physical characteristics. Thus, the Dravidian populations of India are now undistinguishable, except by their language, from Hindus of the highest caste, although the restrictions imposed by Brahmanical law upon intermarriages between the aboriginal races and their Aryan conquerors might there have been expected to retard the levelling of ethnical distinctions. Further, the comparison of the customs and traditions of various nations yields

* Narrative of a Journey to Kalát, p. 351.

† The original meaning was "whip." The slang dictionary has borrowed largely from the gypsies in every country where they are found. "Chap," "pal," "rum," "mull," "cheese" (in the slang sense), "gibberish," and many more expressions belonging to the same social stratum, are genuine Romany.

proofs of unity far more abundantly than tests of variety. There remains language. And here at least we may hope for less unsatisfactory answers to our queries. For, although instances are not rare of races having discarded their native speech in favor of a strange tongue offering itself as the vehicle of a higher culture, we believe there is no example of a people having exchanged a civilized language for a barbarous jargon. When we find negro communities speaking English, or African tribes Arabic, we do not therefore conclude such communities and tribes to be of English or Arab descent, but we do confidently attribute the possession of illiterate and degraded tongues, such as Romany and Jataki, to inheritance, not to adoption. Any analogies discoverable between the outcast speech which forms the bond of gypsy freemasonry amidst the Cheviot valleys or on the Russian steppes, and the rude dialects spoken among the spurs of the Hindu Kush, or along the banks of the Five Rivers, may then unhesitatingly be taken as evidence of a common origin. In this case at least ethnology may, without fear of being deceived, invoke the aid of philology, and accept her verdict.

A comparison of languages can be effective only when it is systematic. Verbal coincidences are often as misleading as plausible etymologies. The many-colored fabric of speech is the product of a loom, the working of which has not been left to individual caprice. By careful study we can discern symptoms of the operation of an orderly principle in the combination and modification of the radical elements of language. Every tongue has certain grammatical peculiarities, certain phonetic laws which secure its identity, and, once clearly understood, facilitate the establishment of its true position in the genealogical tree of comparative philology. So much has been done of late to improve our acquaintance with barbarous and heretofore neglected tongues, that we may anticipate the speedy possibility of achieving a truly scientific collation of the despised Romany with the language of the Jats on one side, and with the dialects of the various nomads of Persia on the other. The last-mentioned tribes would themselves require, and perhaps repay, a prolonged investigation. They may be broadly divided into those of Arab or Tartar descent, called *Ilyat*, and those of Indian origin — the kith and kin of our gypsy wanderers. These again are separated into sundry tribes, each frequenting as its exclusive beat some one of the desolate provinces of

the wide Iranian kingdom. The principal among them are severally known by the names of Karachi,* or blacks, Kauli,† and Lûry. These appellations are not used indiscriminately. They are proper to distinct families, all springing indeed from an identical stock, but each very possibly the outcome of a different migration.

Now it is certain that no theory of gradual colonization can apply to the gypsies of Europe. The fundamental unity of their language — the absolute identity of their history as betrayed by that language — assure us that they issued in a single swarm from the parent hive. This fact has been overlooked by M. Bataillard in his ingenious attempt to trace the lineage of this people to the *Sigynna*, described by Herodotus (v. 9) as dwelling beyond the Ister. The arguments by which he has endeavored to support this view in his communications to the *Revue Critique* are wholly inconclusive, because applicable only to certain details of the problem. In its wider bearings it remains untouched by them, while the essential point of language is all but completely lost sight of. On the other side of the Bosphorus, the question assumes a different aspect, and here M. Bataillard's idea of successive migrations becomes more consonant with the actual state of things, so far as the fragmentary information supplied by travellers enables us to judge of it. There is a marked distinction between the dialects of the Asiatic gypsies and those spoken by their European relatives, and the complete homogeneity of the race between the Lebanon and the Himalayas is at least open to doubt. It seems probable that the various tribes of Asia owe their origin to different epochs of colonization, some springing from the earliest Jat settlements, some being the result of the dispersive policy pursued by the khalifs towards this people, and others again representing the remnant of that horde which, in the fifteenth century, inundated western Europe. To this latter class, we have little doubt, the Karachi of Persia will be found to belong, while the Lûry were separated from the parent stock at a much earlier period. Should our view prove correct, a closer acquaintance with the idiom spoken by this tribe will discover in it the Romany or Jataki tongue in an earlier stage of development; and the scientific study of its inner structure may be expected not alone to throw light upon the vexed question of

* From the Turkish *kara*, black, with the collective suffix *chi* (Sanskrit root *chi*, to collect).

† Doubtfully derived from *Kabuli*.

gypsy origin, but also to contribute towards the solution of the important philological problem as to the genesis of the modern Aryan languages of northern India.

We now approach a branch of our subject to which we may justly apply the line,—

Hic labor ille domûs, et inextricabilis error.

The bare enumeration of the myriad names by which gypsies are known in different countries, and of the various and often fantastic derivations assigned to them, would rival in length, if not in poetic interest, Homer's immortal catalogue of the Achaian heroes assembled "on the ringing plains of windy Troy," or Tasso's bland analysis of the crusading army before Jerusalem. Besides, the result of this tedious proceeding would most probably be, not to inform our minds with clearer conceptions, but to involve them in unprofitable perplexity. Even Theæus, although living in the happy, heroic age of large possibilities and unforeseen rescues, did not plunge recklessly into the baffling convolutions of the Dædalian masterpiece. And no Ariadne-clue is at our disposal, by which to extricate ourselves and our readers from the labyrinthine paths of conflicting etymologies. We shall then content ourselves with tracing as near to their sources as our means will permit one or two of the more cosmopolitan of gypsy aliases, neglecting mere local epithets and casual variations.

The first point that strikes us with surprise is the absence among the gypsies of a single distinguishing title for their race. The names *Roma* and *Sinté*, by which they call themselves in Europe, are almost if not entirely unknown in Asia. The latter word inevitably suggests a reminiscence of their eastern fatherland—Sindia,* the land of the seven rivers—but it is difficult on the supposition of its representing a tradition of an Indian origin, to account for its disappearance near home, and emergence at a more advanced stage of their journey. The word *rom* in all the gypsy dialects of Europe has a threefold meaning, signifying "man" and "husband" as well as "gypsy." A satisfactory derivation has still to be found for it, that connected with *Rama*, the incarnate Vishnu of the Hindus, being discountenanced by the authority of Professor Ascoli, of Milan. By a curious and unex-

plained coincidence this identical word *rom* or *rome* occurs with the meaning of "man" in modern Coptic, and, according to Herodotus (ii. 143), belonged also to the language of the ancient Egyptians. Although this isolated fact can in no way affect the general bearings of the question, is it worth noting as an etymological curiosity. It is not impossible that among the primitive elements of the Aryan mother tongue may have existed a root *ro* or *rom*, expressive of power, the survival of which we can discern in the Greek *ῥόη*, strength, the Latin *robur*, and perhaps in the illustrious name of Rome itself. Now the Egyptian language exhibits certain analogies both with Aryan and Semitic forms of speech, which have led some eminent comparative philologists to conclude that it branched off from the common trunk at an epoch previous to the separation of Aryan from Semitic races. If this be so, we may be permitted to regard the word *rom* as a specimen, preserved by a rare chance, of the patriarchal tongue spoken by the fathers of mankind while they tended their flocks along the vast plateaus of central Asia.

In speaking of themselves to strangers (*gadje*, those not of their people), gypsies commonly use some name current, not within their own tents, but in the unfriendly outside world. Thus when they announced themselves in 1417 to the Hanse burghers as *Secané*, they borrowed the appellation by which they were universally known in eastern Europe, and which is still the most widely diffused of their numerous titles. Amongst the various etymologies which have been put forward for the word *Zigeuner*, two attract our attention by a certain air of reasonableness impressed upon them. Goethe makes Liebetraut inform the learned Olearius that "*All: Dinge haben ein Paar Ursachen*."—a view which, if generally admitted, would very effectually conduce to the peace of the scientific world. In the same way, if we could agree that "every word has several derivations," much discussion and difficulty would be spared. Such a reconciliation of rival claims being, however, from the nature of the case, impossible, we can lean to the side of one of the etymological candidates for our suffrage only at the cost of disparaging the pretensions of the other, and can be impartial only by being indifferent.

It is evident that we must look eastward for the original meaning of the name by which the gypsies were first known on this side of the Hellespont. The point at

* From the Sanskrit *sindhu*, river. *Sindia*, by a regular process of phonetic change, became *Hindia* in Persian, *India* in Greek, whence we have it. (Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, 1st Series, p. 256.)

issue is, whether they brought it with them to Europe, or whether it was bestowed upon them in Europe. Now *Zengi* in Persian, *Zendsch* in Arabic, signifies a negro or blackamoor (literally a native of Zanzibar), and the Persian plural *Zengian* is strikingly similar to the Turkish form of the word in question, *Tchinghian*. Moreover, the meaning thus assigned to it is entirely consonant with the idea of swarthinness expressed by a large class of gypsy titles, being, in fact, only another version of the Russian *Csernics* and the Persian *Karachi*. There are, however, two difficulties — and, it seems to us, in superable difficulties — in the way of accepting this derivation. First, if the name came from the East, some trace of its existence ought to be found in those countries where its meaning should be still living and obvious. But out of Europe it is, we believe, entirely unknown.* Secondly, even admitting its Asiatic origin, we should expect to find in Greece the earliest European form of the word, and that, consequently, most nearly approaching the Persian original. In Greece the gypsies demonstrably first touched European soil. From Greece, then, the name common to them in so many European tongues must have flowed out over the rest of Europe. Thus on *a priori* grounds alone we conclude that the Turkish form must have come through the Greek, not the Greek through the Turkish. And our conclusion is confirmed by historical evidence proving that the *seudum Acinganorum* was formed in Corfu before the Turks had fully secured their footing in Europe. But the Turkish *Tchinghian* resembles its supposed Persian prototype far more closely than the Greek *Ἀροίγkανος*, and this inconsistency appears alone to justify the rejection *in toto* of the etymology.

Dr. Miklosich lends the weight of his opinion to the identification of *Acingani* (*Ἀροίγkανος*) with *Athingani* (*Ἀθίγγανος*), the name of a sect mentioned by some Byzantine historians between the seventh and the eleventh centuries as dwelling in the provinces of Phrygia and Lycaonia. This view has the merit of fulfilling what we must regard as a condition *sine qua non* for determining the true origin of this word — that, namely, of looking to the Greek for its earliest appearance and primitive meaning. The Athingani de-

rived their name from their avoidance, as unclean and contaminating, of the touch of all persons outside their own community. Soothsayers and magicians, they were popularly set down as descendants of Simon Magus, and with more probability were regarded as perpetuating the traditions of the Manicheans and Melchisedecians. From these obscure sectaries the gypsies of Europe, through some channel of association of which the secret is now perhaps forever lost, probably inherited their best-known name. They may have been called Athingani or Acingani, as they were afterwards called Bohemians, because their latest point of departure was from regions inhabited by those peoples; or they may have been called Athingani, as they were subsequently called Egyptians, in token of reproach and contumely.* It is not pretended that they were connected by descent with the votaries of this strange sect; but it is worth noting that occasional bands of Lûry are reported to have turned westward from Persia, especially during the seventh and eighth centuries, after the overthrow of the Sassanian dynasty, and to have settled precisely in the native districts of the Phrygian necromancers.†

The analogy between the word *Zingaro* or *Zigeuner* and the names of certain Indian tribes is considered by Oriental scholars to be a species of orthographical illusion, since it diminishes notably on an inspection of the same words in the phonetic garment of their native dialects. The habits, however, of a race called *Tchangar*, described by Dr. E. Trumpp‡ as wandering beside one of the five rivers of the Punjab, exhibit a marked resemblance to those of the gypsies in their most degraded condition; and, as the *Tchangar* are, to all appearance, an offshoot from the Jat stock, they may possibly turn out to be distant cousins. From the study of the other vagrant hordes which infest many parts of Hindustan, no great profit, we believe, can accrue to our investigation. They seem to fall into two classes: one constituted by the outcasts of Brahmanical law, who speak a genuine cant or linguistic cypher, a language constructed artificially for purposes of concealment out of the materials of ordinary speech; the other

* Miklosich, "*Ueber die Mundarten*," etc., vi., p. 57. According to Pott, the Turkish name is partially known in Asia Minor. This, however, is inevitable, owing to the constant intercourse maintained between the gypsies on both shores of the Bosphorus, and has no bearing on the origin of the word.

• Ἰύντος (a contraction of Ἀλύντος) is used by modern Greeks as a contemptuous epithet, and was thus applied to the gypsies. Paspatis, "*Etude sur les Tchinghians*," p. 19.

† Hopf, "*Die Einwanderung*," etc., p. 31.

‡ "*Die heutige Bevölkerung des Punjab*," *Mittheilungen der anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien*, 1872.

composed of true gypsies indeed, but of gypsies driven by famine from Persia — if possible, less at home in India than in England, persecuted by fortune, irreconcilable with society. Here there is evidently nothing new to be learned.

A few words will suffice to recapitulate the conclusions to which our enquiries have led us, as well as to point out the broken places in the imperfectly constructed road by which we have been obliged to travel in order to arrive at them. One only among the peoples inhabiting India — and that the lowest of the Aryan stock — has been noted in history as a colonizing race. To this people, then, by a rational presumption, we look in the first instance for the ancestry of a horde of wanderers known to have emigrated from India. This presumption is strengthened when we find that the internal evidence afforded by the structure of the gypsy language indicates, as the probable period of separation, a date corresponding with striking accuracy to the epoch of the great national overthrow of the Jats. Further, a reliable tradition ascribes to the Lûry of Persia a Jat origin, and the Lûry, if not absolutely identical with the gypsies of Europe, at least bear to them a singularly close family likeness. Finally, we learn from the narratives of travellers that the modern Jats, although in general an agricultural population, tend rapidly towards social disintegration when the cohesive force of settled occupations is removed; and that outlying members of the family continually recur to habits and modes of life not distinguishable from those of the familiar tented vagrants of our English forest lands and commons. Our reading of gypsy history, then, is simply that they were expelled from Sinde by the victories of Mahmoud in 1025-6; that they travelled slowly westward, making long halts in Persia and Armenia; and that they entered Europe, probably driven on by the whirlwind raised by Chingis Khan, in the course of the thirteenth century. There is no record of their ever having crossed the Bosphorus, and many reasons induce us to believe that they approached Greece along the chain of islands connecting the Peloponnesus with the coast of Asia Minor.

We are fully aware that on many points these opinions require confirmation; but the means of applying the requisite tests with the needful accuracy will in time doubtless be forthcoming. We cannot indeed immediately expect to gain much further information as to the dialect spoken

by the Lûry; and the date provisionally assigned for the gypsy migration can then only be verified, when the zeal of Oriental students shall have made us better acquainted with the periods and processes of development of the New-Indian languages. A comparison of the Jataki and Romany tongues is, however, already practicable; but we repeat that it can yield permanent and convincing results only if conducted on strictly scientific principles, and if based on grammatical rather than on verbal analogies. Romany is by no means deficient in characteristic individualities of structure which, like the congenital marks appropriated in story-books to the identification of long-lost relatives, may yet lead to the nearer determination of its fatherland and the final establishment of its pedigree.

Of the character and habits of the gypsies much has been written, and from widely different points of view. Nobody has seen them more closely or described them better than Mr. George Borrow in the curious volume quoted at the head of this article. Some writers have felt for them a mysterious attraction; others have regarded them with undisguised abhorrence. Both sentiments are equally unreasonable. There can be no doubt that their contact with European peoples has been productive of innumerable evils to European society. Society vainly endeavored to defend itself by proscription and persecution. In England, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was "felony without benefit of clergy" to be seen for one month in the fellowship of the "outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians." In France, the States of Orleans decreed in 1561 that they should be proceeded against with fire and sword. In Spain they were banished by repeated edicts under the severest penalties. In Italy they were forbidden to remain more than two nights in the same place. In Germany they were shot down like wild beasts. They were persecuted in England as harborers of Jesuits; they were denounced in Germany as spies of the Turk; in Spain they were accused of driving with the Moors a nefarious traffic in Christian children; in Turkey they are still believed to be devourers of human flesh. Some of these imputations were absolutely false; some were grossly exaggerated. All were readily believed, and vigorously acted upon, but to no purpose. The race,

More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew, throve and multiplied exceedingly, each

generation inheriting from its predecessor a more irreconcilable aversion to settled life, and a deeper hatred of the communities which they infested and which spurned them.

In the last century, however, a change came over the spirit of several European governments in their regard. Maria Theresa in 1768, and Charles III. of Spain in 1783, took measures for educating and training these poor wanderers in habits of Christian morality and continuous industry. The upshot was sufficiently satisfactory to encourage the imitation of their example, and the same experiment is now being tried in Russia with signal success; while the recent emancipation of the Wallachian gypsies has already been attended by the best results. Amongst ourselves their worst enemies in modern times have been railway companies, enclosure acts, and rural police. In the presence of these unrelenting agents of what a French author has called "our libticide civilization," the tents of the Romany people vanish, and the tongue of the Romany people becomes a half-remembered jargon. But these irrepressible strangers die out in one direction only to emerge with renewed vitality in another. Gypsy encampments have lately been seen for the first time during many generations in Ireland, and gypsy bands may now be found roaming through all the vast spaces of the Western States of America from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. Thus they seem about to regain in the New World the ground which the pressure of increasing population has cut from under their feet in the old, and will, no doubt, find in the Far West, during many centuries to come, that middle district between barbarism and culture which forms their appropriate element.

But although the palmy days of the "Egyptians" are here forever fled, and the nomad members of the tribe to be met with in Great Britain may now be counted by hundreds, they are not therefore becoming extinct even amongst us. An incalculable number have departed from the tents and the customs of their own people,* and, living in the exercise of some poor trade or calling, are not to be distinguished from the lower classes of artisans, except by their usually imperfect possession of a strange tongue, the secret of which they jealously guard from such as have not the password to their confidence. The absorption into the mass of the population of this

foreign ingredient must be productive of considerable and highly complicated effects. We venture to hope that they will not prove altogether mischievous; that when the obvious and immediate evils incidental to the process shall have passed away, some residue of good will be found to remain; some subtle element added to our national character, which shall quicken its sympathies and enlarge its capabilities. We do not take a romantic view of the gypsy fraternity. We do not believe in *Preziosas* or *Fedalmas*, nor do we expect to encounter typical heroes or sublime victims in the midst of a debased society, which, however, in spite of many vices, has preserved some traits of primitive dignity and instinctive nobility. But we conceive that a people which has invented the quick and vivid modulations of the Hungarian national music, and has known how to express by their means

the sorrows unredeemed

Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering,

may be capable, under happier circumstances, of higher efforts, and that a race from which sprang John Bunyan and Antonio Solario—the Quentin Matsys of the south—cannot be altogether devoid of religious sensibility and æsthetic feeling.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIDERS AND NORNIR'S THREADS.

"SPINSTER, fairy spinster, don't hinder your sister's spinning any longer; I want the money I am spinning out of my head quite as much as you want the gold and silver fly-wings your threads are to catch; let me go on with my thread now, little idler."

"Idler!" echoed Katharine Moore, from an armchair by the corner of the fire, where she was lying back watching her sister at work before her easel, with the placid content of a convalescent in seeing others busy. "Idler, indeed! if I could put myself into the spider, would not I retort on you? I have been watching you both for a whole quarter of an hour, and you know you mean to sweep away all the delicate threads it has woven between the top of your brush and your paper in a minute or two. I wonder you have the heart

* Simson, "A History of the Gypsies."

to let it waste its work, seeing it has to come out of its body as yours out of your brain."

"It is play," said Christabel, "not work. She knows very well, this clever little spinster, that there is no stable place for a useful fly-catching web at the corner of my easel. It is just a day-dream of impossibly delicious flies she has been indulging in this afternoon, not solid work, and meanwhile we spinsters have been having a good deal of talk with each other on our different methods of spinning, and she has given me some useful hints. Now, by your leave, Mrs. Spider, I must pull down your castle in the air, I am afraid, and take you into a commonplace corner where you will have to do real work. The afternoon is getting on, and I must finish my task in the short daylight. Neither you nor I shall get anything to eat by castle-building."

The window of the attic faced westward, and in these short winter days Christabel was glad of all the light she could get, that she might prolong her work to the last possible minute, for Katharine's illness had brought unlooked-for expenses as well as thrown the burden of keeping the common purse filled entirely on her hands. Luckily there had been — was it by chance, or by some friendly contrivance? — an influx of paying work in Christabel's line that could be done at home, and Christabel had never felt her invention so ready or her energy so untiring as in these last weeks. Was it really the end of the year, she sometimes asked herself; really the cold, dead time that usually had a depressing effect on her quicksilver nature? It felt so much more like spring, so much more like the beginning of something; a dawn rather than a death of the year, that lifting her eyes sometimes suddenly from work that was progressing well, she was quite surprised to catch sight of bare heads of trees powdered with snow in a distant square garden.

There had been two dreadful weeks, when Katharine lay in severe suffering and some danger, more from the effect of the blow on her head than from the broken rib; and when Christabel, during her day and night watching, had had the agony of meeting the beloved eyes so clouded with pain, that there was hardly any recognition of her in them. The loneliness of that time, when the soul on which her soul hung seemed shrouded away from her, had been terrible to Christabel. Was it wonderful that the giving back of the old happiness should seem a new era in her

life, and make her whole world sweeter, larger, more beautiful a thousand times than it had ever appeared before? Christabel did not see any cause for surprise, only for endless delight in the enlarged capacity for work and enjoyment that had come to her, and Katharine's mind was too quiescent yet, from bodily weakness, to find more than a pleasant repose in acknowledging the new power and energy displayed by her sister in their time of need. Their evening talks had ceased since Katharine's illness, so that the elder sister really knew much less than formerly of what was passing in Christabel's mind. At first she had been too weak for much conversation, and since she had become stronger they had frequently had visitors in the evening. While Katharine lay back in her chair watching her sister, after she had drawn her easel closer to the window and fallen to work again, she fancied that she detected something in her looks that betokened an expectation of visitors to-night. What was it? Those bright knots of blue ribbon that certainly showed to advantage among the ripples of her red-brown hair, a something in the dress, or an air of anticipation in her face, whose expression was certainly less still and indrawn than formerly. Then Katharine smiled at the turn her thoughts were taking, saying to herself that it would be a strange result of their withdrawal from the world indeed if Christabel, whose habit it had been to shut herself up like a snail in its shell from all acquaintances in their old young-lady days, should take to decking herself out for the fascination of old David Macvie and Mrs. Urquhart, or grow excited at the prospect of an invasion from down-stairs by Harry West and his brothers, in the course of the evening. No, it could not be that. It must be some unusually sweet fancy stirring within, that brought the gleam of a smile coming and going, the rosy glow like the brightness of coming day, to the dear face she was watching; and the pretty dress and bright knots of ribbon had no doubt been donned to celebrate their return to their old homely, lonely ways, and not in expectation of intruders. There had been a long interregnum, a melancholy interruption to all their plans, and for the first time during her recovery Katharine's thoughts went back to the day of the accident, and she occupied herself in tracing out all the consequences that had followed upon it, till the last gleam of afternoon sunshine had passed away from the room, and Christabel was driven to the fire to warm her

chilled fingers and rest for a few minutes before beginning fresh work that could be done by lamplight.

"No, don't take your embroidery-frame just yet," Katharine begged. "Half an hour of having you sitting idle by my side will do me a great deal more good than all the nourishing things your extra work could buy for me. Come, I am well enough now to be Doctor Katharine again, and prescribe for myself; and I order myself an hour's happiness, which means the feeling your head resting against my knee and your hands lying idle in mine, while we talk as we used to talk. Come, here is your stool. How long it is since you sat resting, while I moved about the room, on that November night when we last went out together!"

"Yes," said Christabel, "we had been congratulating ourselves on the quiet lives we were leading, and the next thing that happens is a blow, not meant for you at all, that shatters our routine like a Venice glass, and carries us straight into quite a new order of things. Witness, that you are at this moment seated in Mrs. Urquhart's most comfortable armchair, and that, instead of there being a red-herring grilling on the fire for our supper, a dainty little dish will come up presently from the Land of Beulah, with Dr. Urquhart's professional commands laid on you to eat it. Six weeks ago how impossible such circumstances would have seemed to us — as the result, too, of a man, whose name we don't even know, getting drunk and beating his wife."

"Threads," said Katharine. "I have been thinking of that ever since you spoke to your spider. The grey and the gold, the smooth and the tangled, so twisted together, that one cannot say whether it is a dark or a bright spot that is being woven into the web. To think that a blow aimed in hate should have brought such a flood of kindness about us!"

"Let us go over it all, and tell out our mercies," said Christabel. "I feel just in the mood for that to-night. Do not let us leave anything out."

"I will begin then with old Mrs. Urquhart's noble courage in putting aside her suspicions of me," said Katharine, smiling, "and venturing her darling son so freely as she has done in our dangerous society. I know it has cost her terrible pangs, and it is a real triumph of benevolence that she has not only borne her own sufferings without complaint, but spent her solitary evenings in planning alleviations for mine. She is a dear old heroine, and deserves

the reward that will come by-and-by, when her eyes begin to be opened."

"Oh, oh!" cried Christabel; "you need not explain yourself; our thoughts have leaped together. You have seen it, then?"

"When I was too weak to telegraph my amusement across the bed to you. Does it not give quite a new sensation to be watching the dawn and progress of the first real little love-story that has ever cropped up under our observation? I should have scolded Dr. Urquhart away many and many a time, when he has been spending an unnecessary half-hour with me, if I had not been so interested in observing the curious effect Emmie West's presence anywhere about the room has in drawing him to the spot from whence he can best see her. I am making observations on a kind of electricity and magnetism hitherto unknown to me, and I don't think it is waste of time in a professional woman, all whose knowledge of the subject has to be gained from the outside."

"Emmie does not seem to notice the magnetism herself."

"No, and that is why it is such an interesting psychological study. I am watching to see when the consciousness on the other side will wake up, just as we watched for the green shoots to peep out from your bulbs last year, after we had put the hyacinth-glasses in the sun. As I am very careful, and determined to keep my observations strictly from everybody but you, I don't fear any counter-magnetism from my watching."

"You do not, then, wish to counter-magnetize."

"Oh no; why should I? I have always thought highly of Dr. Urquhart, and our recent experience surely more than confirms first impressions. When the inducement of ingratiating himself with Emmie West is largely allowed for, there is still a remainder of pure goodness in his conduct to us, and though I must not call myself even a regular student of medicine, yet I know enough to appreciate the high professional skill he has shown in his treatment of me."

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" laughed Christabel, "that is speaking like a professional woman indeed. Now I get a glimpse at the awful heights of reasonableness to which scientific training is to lift the female mind by-and-by. The notion of mentioning professional skill as a qualification for winning love could only have occurred to an incipient M.D."

"I did not," said Katharine. "I only

gave it as a reason for *my* thinking him worthy."

"Don't dwell on that reason before Emmie though, if you wish to repay Dr. Urquhart for curing you. She has not your devotion to science, and needs another sort of bird-lime, I imagine, to catch her fancy. Dr. Urquhart is doubtless an observing man, but I doubt whether he acted as cunningly as he supposed in bringing his microscope up here on pretence of its being useful to you by-and-by. He won't win Emmie's heart by showing her rotifers. She is always thinking of something else while she looks through the lens, and Mildie is the only person whose imagination is at all impressed by the wonders he descants upon so enthusiastically. Luckily there is another side of his character, and other deeds of his, with which Emmie will have more sympathy when she gets to know them. For example, his goodness in attending your poor woman through the brain fever that came on when her wretch of a drunken husband was sent to prison for beating her and you; and — another little anecdote, which you shall have the pleasure of telling Emmie yourself, since you declare yourself the doctor's partisan already. Do you remember the day of his second call, when you told me to offer a fee both to him and the surgeon who had set your broken rib, and I had to empty our poor purse of its last coin to make up the dreadful little white packets? I was not, of course, at all surprised when he pressed the one I offered him back into my hand, and said, with a fine smile, that doctors do not take fees of each other; but I had a shock when, after he had left the room, I took up the purse I had carelessly left on the table and found a five-pound note folded neatly in one of the divisions. Those skilful long fingers of his, that look as if they were made to feel pulses and put butterflies' wings under microscopic glasses without ruffling a feather, had managed this little manoeuvre without my seeing what he was about; and, Kitty darling, that first fortnight, while you were so ill and I had no heart for work, would have been a bad time for us if there had not been his little store to fly to."

"I wondered how you had managed, and meant to face the question of what debts we had incurred when I felt strong enough to bear it."

"Your brother doctor is our only creditor, and I have already put aside something towards paying him back, and hope to make up the entire sum when I take my

next batch of work to my employers. The trouble will be to think of some equally ingenious way of returning the note to him when we have it ready."

"I shall not take that trouble. I shall put the money back into his hand and look him full in the face while I thank him for lending it, and for all his other goodness to us. I don't want him to feel that there is any necessity for having recourse to delicate devices. That, to my mind, would be confessing we were ashamed of the struggle we had entered upon, and wanted to be looked at in some other light than *workers*, ready to take the ups and downs of a life of struggle, and to receive help from our fellow-workers as freely as we hope to render it by-and-by."

"Well, then, I will leave you to educate Dr. Urquhart into your notion of male and female comradeship in professional duties. I am afraid I am backsliding into a depraved taste for the little delicacies and shy devices that aim at throwing something of poetry over our obligations to each other. It is old David Macvie, however, who is spoiling me. What do you think of his having walked, I dare not think how many miles out of London, twice a week to get fresh eggs for you from a farmhouse in the country where he once lodged? He brings them packed in moss, and looking fit to paint. He could get them nearly as good from any shop close at hand, without any trouble; but then there would not have been the same excuse for offering them to us, and he would have been afraid of hurting our feelings. Do you object to that? Would you rather he presented us with two shillings a week, as he would certainly do to a fellow-journeyman who had met with an accident, and knocked off his work?"

"Dear old David! What can we do for him when I am well again?"

"I plead for little womanly devices. See, I am embroidering him a splendid smoking-cap to wear in the evening when he sits with his back to that draughty door. It won't match well with his snuffy coat and his old Scotch wig; but he will delight in wearing it, I know."

"I will leave David's recompense to you; there is no fear of his misunderstanding us; but I see a great many fresh things about the room, which don't to my mind look like the Urquhart belongings, and which certainly never came from the West region of the house. That basket of ferns, and the litter of books, patterns, and engravings round your easel, can David be responsible for them all?"

"I wonder you don't see whom they are like; but now that we have you in the sitting-room again, you will learn the new comers and goers your illness has brought about the place. The basket of ferns came this morning before you were awake, and it was Mr. Ralph Anstice who left it at the door; the gentleman who carried you out of the crowd, Kitty, and who has been several times to ask after you since."

"I seem to remember several bouquets of flowers that came to my bedside when I was ill. Were they all from the same quarter? It was kindly thought of."

"Was it not? I class the flowers with David Macvie's moss baskets. The careful useless presents that one values especially, because they have cost the giver more thought than money. Just look at these monthly roses, and at the branch of arbutus among my ferns, and the trailing ivy sprays round the handle of the basket, and the hips and haws which make one feel as if we had a bit of a Devonshire hedgerow in the room. They did not come out of a London flower-shop. Some one has walked a long way to gather them for us. Shall I shock you, Kitty, by confessing that I have backslided into helpless young ladyhood so far as to like that people should take a little trouble for us, as a change, darling, while you are ill? We will go back into being independent trouble-takers by-and-by."

"I see you have been making a study of the arbutus branch and the ivy for one of your drawings. I am not disposed to quarrel with anything that helps you now you are working so hard."

"It was an understanding piece of help, such as one can't but be grateful for. I was grumbling over my work yesterday, and saying that I had come to an end of my copies and my invention, and early this morning came these beauties to give me fresh inspiration, and make to-day's work a thorough feast."

"Did not you tell me one day that this Mr. Anstice was an artist himself? I suppose that is how he comes to know what to send you."

"I fancy he is an artist; but I don't remember that he exactly said so. His name is Raphael, though he says most people call him Ralph, and he told me once that drawing was his only gift. I don't think he has done much with it yet, however. He said that he and his cousin were discussing his next step in life, that very evening when he first saw us. He speaks as if, like ourselves, he had very few friends, and I suspect that he is a

sort of poor cousin of the elder Mr. Anstice, partly perhaps dependent on him."

"You seem to have got to know a good deal about him in a few short visits."

"We have talked a little, it is true; he came up here on one of the first days after you began to mend, when I was in a peculiarly happy sympathetic mood, and it was then that he told me about himself. After a bit, I, for once in my life, grew communicative in my turn, and it was odd the number of coincidences in our early experience that kept coming up. I made out plainly that he had been the same sort of snubbed uncomfortable child that I was, and with no Kitty to stand up for him, only a clever popular cousin who occasionally condescended to stretch out a patronizing hand. It was quite delightful to me to meet a person who looks back to childhood with even greater horror than I do, and who can sympathize with me in my utter disbelief in the popular notions about it."

"Ah, you have got a long way indeed beyond me in this acquaintance! I recollect seeing your artist, certainly. I recollect his coming into the next room to speak to me, but my impression of him does not somehow fit in with what you are saying."

"You shall study him now, then, till you get the right impression," said Christabel, drawing a portfolio towards her, and taking out a sheet of paper, and holding it up before Katharine's eyes. There, look at him by firelight. I don't call it exactly a likeness, but one day Emmie West encountered him here, and after he had left we chanced to speak about his being an artist, and called Raphael, and *à la* West she nicknamed him the 'Affable Archangel' on the spot. Don't sneer at her, Kitty, she is a little bit of a schoolgirl still, I allow; but my pencil was working away all the time she talked, and here it is, you see, a recollection of Perugino's picture of 'Tobit and the Angel,' with the face I saw protecting you in the crowd between the angel's crimson wings. What do you think of it?"

"You have put a great deal more in this face than there is in the real one, but I suppose you meant to do that. You say it is not a likeness."

"More, do you say—as if I were artist enough for that! Kitty, you are not going to set up a pair of independent eyes on the score of having had your head broken lately. I forbid that; we have always seen alike till now, and I can't let you do anything else."

"I promise at all events that as soon as we have lost sight of the real Raphael Anstice, I will try to remember him like the 'Affable Archangel' of your picture. It will throw a halo over the disagreeable sights of that evening, if I can remember him in such guise."

"Give me back my drawing; I am going to light the lamp and get out my embroidery to punish you for your bad criticism."

"You are not really vexed with me, darling."

"Oh no; but I thought we were to count out our new-found pleasures, and we have hardly begun when you talk as if they were all to slip away from us immediately."

"To leave us, as the interruption found us, perfectly content with our work and each other; independent of outsiders. Won't it be so, dear? Is not this what you are looking forward to? There will be gratitude of course due to those who have helped us through this strait; new links with the outside world, perhaps, but nothing that touches the real core of our lives."

Christabel was busied in tying the strings of her portfolio, and did not answer; but neither did she get out her work as she had threatened. She wandered about the room restlessly after she had lighted the lamp, arranging her ferns and ivy in different parts of the room, and pausing before the window every now and then to peep through its white blind into the street far below, more than usually thronged that evening with passengers intent on Christmas purchases, or hurrying to places of entertainment. Presently she went into the inner room and came back with her hat and cloak on.

"I have such an overpowering wish to go out, Kitty," she said. "You won't think me unkind, dearest. Mrs. Urquhart is coming up to spend the evening with you, and I don't feel quite in the mood somehow to sit still and hear her talk. I have only been out twice since you were ill, and a raging thirst for fresh air and movement has been upon me ever since that bit of hedgerow walked into our room this morning. I have been keeping it down with a strong hand all day, telling myself there was nothing pleasant to be seen out-of-doors; but now the lamplight and the hurrying people seem to promise something, and I feel that I must go."

"You can't wander about alone in the dark."

"But I can go to David Macvie, and

coax him to come out with me. Even the short walk to his house and the sight of his clocks will do me good. I want to feel myself an independent out-of-door woman again. Besides, there are purchases to be made for Christmas-day. We did it together last year, don't you remember, and I must console myself for being alone by hitting upon some nice little surprises for you. You will let me go?"

Katharine put her hand over her eyes, and a nervous quiver passed over her mouth as she remained silent a moment, then she looked up.

"I did not know my nerves had been so shaken. It will be a struggle, I see, but I must conquer in it, or all I have done hitherto to prepare myself for the training I aspire to will go for nothing. At any rate, I will not turn my unfortunate adventure into a bondage for you, and force you back into a useless woman because I can't bear you out of my sight without a legion of protectors. I will trust you with David."

"Or without him when it is necessary," said Christabel, stooping down to kiss the tremor out of the pale lips. "Think of the hundreds of girls who are setting forth in London on this same errand to-night, carrying back little bits of work for payment, and plotting as they go how to make the most of their money. Why should I come to more harm than any one of them? I can't waste daylight in shopping at this time of year, and purchases must be made sometimes."

"Yes, dear, you are right to go; David will delight in the shopping. Mind you leave all the bargaining to him, and bring him back to this door with you. I know it is foolish to have a terror of that dark crossing in the shadow of the railway bridge; but I am afraid I shall be picturing you there incessantly till I have you safe at home again. Well, perhaps I shall be all the better physician for women for having had a good wrestle with nerves myself."

They were still talking and holding hands preparatory to parting, when Katharine felt a twitch in Christabel's fingers as if an electric shock had gone through her, and immediately afterwards there came the sound of a man's step on the stairs, followed by a knock on their door.

"Who can it be?" said Katharine; "it is too early for Harry West or David Macvie, and Dr. Urquhart was not to come again to-day."

"I think it is the 'Affable Archangel,'" whispered Christabel, with a smile and a

glow on her face; "he said something about calling once again to bid us good-bye before he left London, and he may want to know if the ferns reached me safely. Shall I tell him you are up and not well enough to see visitors, or may he come in for a few minutes just for you to judge of the likeness, Kitty?"

A second louder and rather impatient knock interrupted the whisper, and on a sign from Katharine, Christabel went to the door, and opened it to admit a tall young man holding a great bunch of evergreens in both hands. In his eagerness to greet Christabel and the confusion of entering the lighted room from the dark passage, he knocked his head against one of the low beams near the door, and scattered the greater part of his offering at her feet. The little commotion that followed in gathering up the sprays, covered any shyness there might have been in Christabel's welcome, given for the first time under Katharine's eyes, and prevented Katharine making hers as formal as she had, at the first moment, intended it should be. She was prepared to look very critically on this suddenly-made intimate of Christabel's, but when, after a short delay, the tall figure, stepping over some scattered branches of holly that had rolled on to the hearth-rug, approached her chair with an exclamation of cordial satisfaction at seeing her up, she could not help acknowledging to herself that there was real kindness and sweetness in the eyes that beamed down upon her, seemingly from a great height, and she answered in her own natural, cordial tones, free from *empressment*, and free from shyness.

"You and I seem fated to preface our meetings with blows on the head; I hope yours has not suffered from your ignorance of attic roofs, as severely as mine did the last time we met."

"Not at all; and you must not, if you please, accuse me of ignorance of attics, for I assure you that, taking all the hours of my life together, a large proportion of the best of them have been spent under the roof. I used to vote the attics at home the only endurable part of the house, and they were not to be compared to these of yours. Why, this room is magnificent; you might get a regiment into it."

"Of tin soldiers," said Christabel, laughing. "It must have been a reminiscence of those old battles, with steadfast tin soldiers, fought under the roof you told me about, which made you say that; though, judging by the quantity of 'Christmas' you appear to think we require for

our decorations, you must indeed have got into your mind a grand idea of the space we occupy."

"Will these things be in your way, then? You can burn them, you know, if you don't care for them; only you said something about wanting branches of trees to copy from, and I was afraid you might not find anything good enough among those I sent this morning. Look here!" stooping down to pick up something that lay on the floor under a branch of laurustinus, "I hit upon this when I was looking round, and I fancied you might think it worth having."

This was a beautiful pale yellow tea-rose, with an abundance of shining leaves that must have cost a gardener some trouble to produce in such perfection in mid-winter.

Christabel took it in silence from the hand that offered it to her, and laid the blossom against her face, breathing its odors in a sort of quiet ecstasy, while Katharine praised the size and beauty of the flower, and ventured a little wonder as to where it had come from.

"I, in point of fact, hit upon it; I generally do find what I want if I look about me," was all the satisfaction she got, uttered in a tone of languid complacency that made her feel Christabel's theory of the poor cousin more difficult to hold than ever. Could this elegant-looking young man possibly belong to the Bohemian artist class they had read about—whose manner of life had, she knew, a certain vague attraction for Christabel; and, if so, was this new acquaintance on which, for the first time in her life she seemed to be entering eagerly, a good thing for her? Katharine so shrank from the possibility of a breath of difference in opinion arising between herself and Christabel, that she hastily ordered herself not to be prejudiced, and tried to listen complacently to a desultory artistic-sounding conversation that now arose about the pretty effects of the firelight on the dark holly leaves and the laurel boughs, which Christabel had now gathered into her lap, and was nursing tenderly.

Before all the evergreens were discussed and disposed of about the room to the satisfaction of the two artists, who found something to say about every leaf and spray, Mrs. Urquhart's servant appeared with a tray of good things for Katharine's supper and a message that Mrs. Urquhart herself would follow shortly to ascertain that justice had been done to her fare. Christabel's intention of paying David Macvie a visit and asking his escort for a

shopping expedition was now again referred to, rather to Katharine's disappointment, and their visitor began to look for his hat, which had rolled off into a dark corner after his encounter with the beam. He stood with it in his hand by the door while Christabel stooped over Katharine once more to ask if there was anything she could do for her before she left her.

"If David Macvie should be out," Katharine began.

"Now, Kitty, you have promised me not to be nervous; you are not to think of me again till I come back when my business is finished. You will try to be reasonable, won't you?"

"Especially as I shall have the pleasure of walking with your sister to the watchmaker's door and putting her under Mr. Macvie's charge before I leave her. I will not let her get knocked down in a crowd, I promise you," said a voice from the door.

"It is not our usual habit to want people to take care of us," said Katharine falteringly. "We are accustomed to walk through the streets and do our own business without any help, and generally we prefer it."

"Poor Kitty," said Christabel, putting her hand on Katharine's forehead and feeling how the temples throbbed. "You are so troubled just now you hardly know what you wish, and you are making yourself worse by struggling with your fears. Come now, I am not the least bit afraid of going anywhere alone, as you know, but I will be magnanimous and let myself be taken care of across that haunted corner just for once to spare your nerves."

"And, indeed, Miss Moore, you may depend on me for *taking care*."

Katharine's eyes were shaded by Christabel's hand at the moment so that she did not see the look that stole involuntarily under Christabel's eyelids towards the door as the unusual words "taken care of" passed her lips, or the electric glance that answered it. She might have been a little startled if she had seen, as it was she tried to be content, and held out her hand cordially to thank Mr. Anstice for his consideration to her foolish sick-room terrors, which no one would have blamed more than herself a few weeks ago. The next minute she was alone, listening to quick, light steps retreating down the passage, and scolding herself for the contradictory unreasonableness which made her unwilling to let her sister go out alone, and yet grudged her being indebted to any one but herself for protection. What depths of

suspicion and jealousy was she not sinking into? She fought this second battle with herself over her solitary dinner, and when Mrs. Urquhart came up half-an-hour later she found her patient looking pale and tired indeed, but sitting more upright in her chair than she had hitherto been able to do, and occupied with a task of intricate mending which she had set herself by way of antidote to uncomfortable thoughts when left to her own devices. The sight of the thin fingers busied with this womanly work warmed the old lady's heart towards Katharine and scattered the last remnants of the prejudice she had been gradually loosing her hold on through her six weeks' nursing. She began to think that perhaps there might be some mistake, and that this patient-looking woman with the quiet eyes and grave lips, who doubled down the edges of the patch she was fitting deftly, could not have the heterodox opinions about women's position and duties that had been attributed to her, by slanderers no doubt, or at all events that she would be ready to give them up when the right influence came. After ten minutes' observation of Katharine while she put in her even stitches Mrs. Urquhart's old suspicion as to the person destined to exercise this saving influence awoke in her mind afresh, but now with softening reflections that mitigated its horror. After all a woman who had known struggle, and who could put so much thought and heart into the business of converting two old flannel skirts into one new one, might (once she was disabused of wrong notions) prove a more satisfactory daughter-in-law than one of the ball-loving young ladies whose false plaits and paint were a constant scandal to her honest old eyes.

"My dear," she began in a cheerful tone, "I had no notion you were such a clever needle-woman, and I must say I do wonder since you *can* do such nice womanly work so well that you care to attempt — hem — other things, my dear."

"Than sewing?" asked Katharine, smiling. "But there are so many to do that, you would not have me spend my life in needlework."

"Not only sewing, but, my dear, you know what I mean — the beautiful, homely things, the safe, sheltered life of usefulness at home, that no woman looked beyond in my day, that ought to be enough for the cleverest woman, I think."

"Usefulness, yes," said Katharine earnestly; "but perhaps not always sheltered or at home. Why should capacity for one

sort of work be made a reason for not attempting others? Why should I not put the cleverness of my fingers to uses that tax other powers as well if I chance to have them? Why, in short, should there be any work for clever fingers which mine must not attempt because they are a woman's?"

Mrs. Urquhart put down her knitting and stroked her chin with her hand as she searched her brain for an answer to so many audacious questions in one breath.

"My dear," she said at last, her eyes twinkling triumphantly over her spectacles, "Graham was reading a book of travels aloud to me last night, and we came upon an Eastern proverb that pleased me very much, and that I put by in my mind for you: 'There is no use in trying to carry two pomegranates in one hand.'"

"I don't catch the thought quite. What do you mean?" asked Katharine.

"Perhaps I mean, being an old woman who has had some experience in living, you see, that it takes so much for us just to be *women*, that there is no use in our trying to be anything else as well."

"You don't say that about men though," said Katharine, after taking a moment for thought in her turn; "you don't insist that a man must be a man and nothing else."

"But, my dear, I have had some experience of men as well as of women in my long life, and I do think that there is always a danger of the second pomegranate — shall we call it — pushing the first out of the hand? Of a man growing to be nothing but a doctor, or a merchant, or a lawyer, and having all the real nature, the real manhood eaten out of him by the struggles and ambitions of professional life. If the woman by his side is not all a woman, I am afraid it would be worse for them both. There is need of one to stand out of the dust and see the sky overhead clear."

"But is that what we women do when we let ourselves be shut up to a narrower life than we are fitted for," said Katharine, a good deal moved; "don't you think there are other things besides the dust raised in struggle and toil that may hide the sky from us? May we not be so cramped and bound that we never lift our eyes from counting the pebbles that hurt our own feet? Is there anything worse than spending one's life in eating one's own heart for want of something better to do?"

"There is always plenty for the right sort of woman to do at home, as it seems to me, my dear, without seeking further."

"Women with one kind of experience think so, I know, and they are often, forgive me for saying this, very hard on other women to whom fate has given quite another. Your experience is of course a great deal wider than mine, but I don't think it can have taken in the problem of such lives as my sister and I were leading before we came here, with nothing to do, nothing to hope for, and with a consciousness of power, not exceptional perhaps, but still power to do and be something that would make life worth living. If it had been affection that imposed inaction upon us we should have resigned ourselves perhaps, but the people who had the ordering of our lives, and who wished to pare them down to their own standard, did not love us or understand us in the least. They could not even make any use of what we had to give them. We were as much thorns in their sides as they in ours, for their whole energies and thoughts were given up to the task of seeming richer than they were, and for that business we had no capacity. Can you not imagine what it was to us to open our eyes as we grew up to the meanness, the utter falsehood of the lives we were all leading, and then when we heard of possibilities of noble living which other women were entering upon, are you surprised that we panted for the chance as the thirsty pant for water, and that we took courage and broke quite away from our restrainers at last, and took our destiny into our own hands?"

"That depends, my dear, on whom the people were you speak of. Relations?"

"A step-aunt and cousins who had felt us to be burdens ever since we were thrown upon their charity, and who bitterly grudged every advantage of education which in desperation I clamored for, because they felt every shilling spent in that way so much taken from their power of keeping up the outside show for which they lived. Their family pride and prejudices make them ashamed of the independent course we are taking now, and they dread our succeeding so far as that our names should be talked about; otherwise they were glad to be rid of us. Was I not right to take the risk of setting up for ourselves?"

"I acknowledge the hardship of such a life, but I think you would have done better to wait. Many lives begin hardly; mine was uneventful, and what you perhaps would have called circumscribed at first, but I just waited patiently where I was, and after a while a change came naturally. Love opened out a wider sphere

to me, and I have always had plenty to do, and suffer, and enjoy since; and I don't quite believe myself that anything but *that* will really give a woman what she wants, or put her in the way of doing the best sort of work."

"Even if what you say is true, since there are so many women to whom the change you are speaking about never comes, had they not better look out for the next best sort of work they can get hold of?"

"I think there is such a virtue in waiting. Something, perhaps not marriage, but something would have come to you without your seeking it if you had waited."

"Weariness, and middle-age, and deadness of intellect would certainly have come to us, and what a stock-in-trade these would have been to begin the struggle upon! It is hard enough to find a fit sphere for active work with youth and energy on our side. No, I can't bear the thought of there being more and more women every year whose youth is to be spent in looking out for, and seeing pass by them, a chance that should come as an unsought election, a glad surprise, if it is to come at all. No, I am glad that Christabel and I are workers in the present, not waiters on chance any more!"

"I did not say anything about *chance*, and I don't despise even the waiters so much as you do, my dear. I come back like an old woman who can't argue, to the point I started from, and say that if they are keeping fast hold of their one pomegranate, they are perhaps doing the best work for themselves and others, the work nearest them. I can't help wishing that you had not looked so far out of the way for yours. Would it not have been wiser for you, so inexperienced and thrown upon your own counsels as you are, to have taken some humbler, more settled path to independence where many had been before, and where there would have been no question of your womanly right to enter? Why trust yourself where you must walk alone, and where perhaps you are not wanted? Why choose to cross a dangerous stream on uncertain stepping-stones?"

"I have chosen the work I believe I can do best, and that I am certain I shall love best. If I succeed I shall have the joy of thinking I am making the road safer for other women who feel like me to follow on it. You need not pity me; I am no coward looking forward to an easy life; I know what sort of a lot I have chosen,

and I am prepared for a great deal of misconception and privation, and for real suffering perhaps before I come to a good end, and I believe I can bear it all."

"Ah, my dear, but you see it is so often not the kind of suffering one is prepared for that comes! But what am I doing? Croaking like an old raven to you, when I ought to cheer you. What will Graham say when he hears that I have let you talk till your face is flushed and your poor hands are burning again? I have shown myself a very bad nurse, and shall deserve a good scolding from the doctor when I make my confession to him. I had better go away quickly now and send you a cup of tea; that will be better for you than any more talk till your sister comes home."

CHAPTER VIII.

FORTUNATUS'S PURSE.

THE hour which Katharine found long, to Christabel flew past in golden moments; far too short in the passing, yet each moment holding some pleasant incident, if only an unforgettable look or word that would make the time appear strangely long when memory counted over its treasures. The frost had broken a day or two ago, and a strong soft west wind was blowing, bringing a sensation of freshness even into London streets, and suggesting visions of wide bare fields over which it had passed, and of trees tossing their arms and groaning out winter music in woods far away.

"It was a wind that did not belong to London," Christabel said, as she put up her veil at the first street corner they came to, and turned her pale cheek to the freshening of the breeze. After her six weeks of in-door life and hard work, the soft air blowing on her face seemed to enter into her with an electric shock of gladness, and exhilarate her as if it were a real elixir of life. After a moment's silence she turned round to her companion for sympathy with a smile of almost childish delight.

"I am glad that Katharine let me come out to-night. There—I have thrown off a ton's weight of weariness in that moment's rest. Generally the wind itself is tired out before it ever gets to our corner, and can only blow one about and whisper fretful complaints in our ears; but this wind is a young giant, and carries floods of music and rest on his wings. I did not rightly know how tired I was till this rested me. Now I am ready for anything, and snap my fingers at fatigue for all the year that is coming. Let us hurry on to David

Macvie's that I may finish my business and get back soon to Katharine!"

"There is no need for hurry, is there? It is quite early yet. The good people in this part of the world are only beginning to come out and amuse themselves and make their purchases, while the West End folks are dining. You ought to come out oftener, as you like it, and it does you so much good."

"Before Katharine was ill, we did go out every day, but it was all hurrying to and fro, with the consciousness that we were waited for at the other end of our walk. Did you ever give drawing-lessons?"

"I — no — that is to say I've never been lucky enough to get any pupils as yet."

"Then you don't yet know how teachers are looked at when they arrive a few minutes late. It's a look that stings one all over one's face like a blow with a bunch of nettles; and a walk is hardly a walk with the expectation of that as a punishment for lingering. I stood still to feel the wind just now by way of convincing myself that no one was waiting for me."

"Then let us stand still again as often as you please, and walk slowly. There is no hurry, you know; we shall find ourselves at the clockmaker's long before we want to; at least I know I shall."

"If it is not keeping you from any appointment, or anything you have to do."

"I have nothing on earth to do but, as you said just now, take care of you, on that dark crossing your sister does not like."

"To-night she does not like it, but she will not think about it when she is strong, and we get back to our usual life again; we are too busy people, I assure you, to give way to fancies."

"I can't bear to think of your having to work so hard; women ought not to have to work."

"Hush! that is dreadful heresy. Katharine thinks it our chief privilege and glory, and will not endure that there should be a possibility of hardship we don't claim a share in. She would feel herself insulted if you said that to her."

"Well, you see, I can't say I consider work a privilege myself, and as for hardship — one sees a woman sometimes for whom one cannot endure the thought of it: one would like to pave a road with jewels for her to walk upon; it is the only thing that seems fit for her."

"Katharine and I don't belong to that order of women then," said Christabel, lowering her eyes to avoid a too meaning look which however brought a still deeper glow to the cheeks the wind had bright-

ened. "We have taken to rough paths of our own free choice, and we find a great deal there to compensate for the sharp pebbles and puddles we sometimes come across."

"That puts me in mind of something you said once before. Stay, it was just here close to the lamp-post we are passing now. I daresay you have forgotten, but I never shall. You looked round at your sister just here, and said London fogs were sweet to you, and that you were glad to be in them. I was passing and overheard, and I thought I would give a great deal to be able to ask you what you meant. I did not know all that was to come of it."

"You saw us before the accident? You followed us into the crowd?"

"Yes, that was when I saw you first, just here where we are standing now."

"Just here."

An electric thrill passed through Christabel as she repeated the words. She saw the crowd again swaying backwards and forwards over the spot where Katharine had fallen, and one figure with a face that had looked to her like the bright face of a rescuing angel, pressing onward, intent only on her safety. He had followed them then with the purpose of saving, and just here the first impulse to that protectorship she had begun to feel so constant and so strange, was born; just here. She looked up to the gas-lamp, down to the flickering square of light on the pavement where they stood, and almost involuntarily held out her hand. He took and pressed it silently, and then they walked on, still without speaking, passed the fateful crossing, and turned down the little dark street, where the watchmaker lived. He was surprised and perhaps somewhat taken aback at the sudden impulse that had led her to shew her feeling of gratitude so frankly; he felt it had something in it a little beyond him, a little more high-flown than he could quite understand, though nothing had ever so moved him, or made him feel so happy before in all his life. But to her that hand-clasp under the gas lamp in the crowded street, was a solemn acceptance of a new power come into her life, vague in its requirements as yet, but a reality, capable of usurping the realm of her dreams, and reigning there as not even Katharine had reigned hitherto. When they reached the watchmaker's, they found that the shutters were up, and the shop door closed, though it was still early. David had probably gone out to spend a cosy evening with a brother entomologist, or to attend a meet-

ing at his club, and Katharine's pupil, the consumptive young jeweller who occupied the upper story of the house, had left London when the cold weather set in. Christabel stayed her companion's hand when he was about to pull the bell impatiently a second time.

"There is no one in the house," she said; "I know the look of the place well enough when it is left in the guardianship of the clocks and the butterfly-cases. Ringing again would only bring out the heads of the two scolding women who live next door on each side, and who might perhaps revenge their last quarrel with David on us, by throwing cabbage stalks at our heads. Well, it is a pity! I don't think the streets ever before looked so inviting for a stroll, as they do to-night, but never mind. I can make some of my purchases on my way back to Saville Street, and I have already had a walk that has done me good. Thank you for it."

"You are not dismissing me here, I never heard of such a thing," cried Lord Anstice, stammering with eagerness. "Of course I shall see you safe home, for I promised your sister that you should not come to any harm, and how can I tell unless I see? And besides, why are you in a hurry to go back? Your sister won't begin to expect you till the hour when you would have returned, if you had had a walk with the old man. Why should you go home earlier than you first intended?"

"No, Katharine won't expect me for another hour," said Christabel: "it is very pleasant out of doors to-night, and if you have nothing better to do—"

"I could not do anything that I liked better."

From The Contemporary Review.
JOHNSON WITHOUT BOSWELL.

BOSWELL'S "Life of Johnson" is the best-praised book in our literature. To have secured this position, stands of itself for a wonderful, overwhelming kind of merit which it would be silly to depreciate. Saving for this, some hints of explanation might perhaps be given. The work offers the one only instance in which criticism could gratify its own natural wish to be smartly discriminative, by using both ridicule and eulogy. Everybody has been able to call the writer a simpleton while praising what he wrote. In such a case, obviously, admiration could have no bounds. If the book had miraculously

been better than it is, it could not have won more success. It may safely be said that the irresistible biography has been eulogized enough, for it is not all gain. A full record of Dr. Johnson himself, giving materials for a psychological study of him, has its own value, and the value is not small, but his writings are, also, entities with claims, influences, results of their own. Boswell's book cannot be said to have befriended these. Exactly contrary things have happened in the cases of Shakespeare and Johnson. With the latter, owing to Boswell's detailed personal pictures, the man has obscured, has, so to speak, swallowed up his works. Everybody now thinks of Johnson, not of his writings. The general result is very curious. In Dr. Johnson's works, looking at them in the bulk, there is no oddity, nothing unsound. The impression they would give of the writer, if no particulars were otherwise known of him, would be very far indeed from answering to our Boswellianized notions of Johnson. It may be pointed to as one of the most striking examples of how a man may differ with and without a pen in his hand. But the biography is much lighter reading than the moral disquisitions, and the public reads it instead of them, persuading itself that in amusing itself with Boswell it is studying Johnson. Owing to this there remains, for generation after generation, chalked upon the popular imagination, a burly figure that faithfully enough renders Johnson's deceased body, but which gives only in a partial, ill-qualified way his nimble, clear, polite, uneccentric intellect, when acting at its best in literature. At any rate, it is certain that between Johnson's own personal grotesqueness, his odd social eccentricities, and its being made nearly impossible for anybody now ever to think of him except in conjunction with a simpleton, his effect upon us is considerably trivialized. We turn to him as much for fun as for wisdom.

In what follows, an attempt is made to look at Johnson's works on their own grounds.

If the question be put, who in our language has said and written the greatest number of right things on moral subjects, there can, we suppose, be no hesitation in saying it was Dr. Johnson. Men can be named who have uttered deeper truths; there are many who offer more beautiful reflections; and he never set himself to say tender things; to increase our positive knowledge by additions to science was not his task. But for bringing out on

all questions of morals the appropriate, the irrefragably true conclusion within the accepted limits of our common beliefs, Johnson is the best man we have to show. No Englishman is likely to sin against the supremacy of Bacon and Shakespeare, by supposing that they did not know everything in the way of utterable wisdom. We may put it that Johnson said nothing that they could not have said even better, or at least more brightly, if they had found the occasion. Bacon's essays are things apart — they are deliverances of the oracle to whom all knowledge was accessible. But neither Bacon nor Shakespeare was as explicit as Johnson. The chancellor packs his meaning till the plain words take on an air of enigma from their very excess of significance; it is a condensed speech, — a dialect borrowed from the gods. The unerring counsels of Shakespeare have to be disentangled from the poetic parables of his own proper work, which he does not stop. Dr. Johnson writes in very prosaic verbiage; he only stiffens and amplifies it into a style. Take "The Rambler," "The Idler," and the papers in "The Adventurer." If we except the one highest department of counsel, that where wisdom becomes gay, and by example shows us how to be happy, — of which it was Johnson's fatal defect to know nothing, — he has for nearly all the occasions of life the right principle set forth in full. It is not given as a proverb, but is reasoned out. Addison, in "The Spectator," shines, charms; he is soft, is tender, in ways far out of Johnson's reach; but some of his brightness is got by omitting grave topics handled by Johnson, and by superficially treating others common to them both. Addison is loved by everybody; still, at the height of our delighted admiration of him, we may find heart to say that he was not so sadly wise as Johnson.

Before going to the works in detail, a preliminary topic pushes itself forward. Dr. Johnson's style is itself an incident in our literature. He is one of the few in whose case not only what he said, but how he said it, has become of interest. There is a common notion, that the peculiarity of the Johnsonian style is easily understood, — that it lay simply in putting big words for little ones and using very long sentences. Did not Garrick say, that, if Johnson wrote a fable in which little fishes were the speakers, he would make them talk like whales? Are there not examples of it given in Macaulay? Some truth there of course is in this, but it also is

true that for every sentence containing the big words we could find a paragraph of Johnson's writing in which they are not; and that, while he has sentences as short as anybody, — very many shorter than most writers, — the length of not a few of the long ones is a mere matter of punctuation. Lord Macaulay no more invented the printer's full-stop than Napoleon first found out field artillery, but each used the respective weapon in a number and with an effect which nobody had dared to do before them. By putting a period for a colon, sometimes commas for semicolons, the cumbrousness of many of the Johnsonian passages would change into light, easy reading. We venture to affirm that Johnson could finish a sentence in as few words as anybody. By a sentence, we here mean a distinct, completed thought, involving reasoning; words showing the logical process beginning, carried on, and ended. Take this example from "Idler" No. 71: "An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long." If any one will try to get an act of reasoning completed in a smaller verbal space, they will find it difficult. Or is an instance wanted where the sentence is of two branches, the thought being represented, enforcing itself with an amplification? "The Rambler," No. 185, has this: "To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties." These words do not sin in bigness any more than in number. It would be easy to show that Johnson was able to use phraseology which was small and simple in its parts, just as he could begin and end in a small course. A hundred examples might be given in which the very peculiarity of the words is their slimness, their shortness: leading-article writers in to-day's newspapers might envy their plainness. A quotation to be sufficiently striking ought to have length, and unfortunately that means space. In "Rambler" 103, speaking of the natural desire for knowledge, there is a sentence written as if the full-stop had not then been heard of. It is between two and three inches in depth, if we measure the page; if we run on one line into another, it is about forty inches long. But part of it may be given: —

We climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace,

a cataract or a cavern, by everything rude and everything polished, everything great and everything little; we do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

If it were put before a practised writer as a task, he would be able to replace a dozen of these words by some a syllable shorter; but we greatly doubt whether, if it were not a set task, he would use words having a smaller total of syllables, or which filled less space. In some of the cases where the words are big who would wish them either dwarfed or fewer? "The Rambler," No. 189, has this sudden, resounding burst of epithets: "a tumultuary magnificence of boundless traffic." Whether or not it be a little out of place where it occurs, it is a procession of adverbs and adjectives which does credit to the English language. If it cannot be spoken without opening the lips a little wider than usual, that will not do Britons any harm. When Dr. Johnson elsewhere speaks of the "lusciousness of eulogy" ("Rambler," 104), or of "magnificent obscurity" ("Rambler," 77), he is not using cumbrous phrases; he is but making our language put on its purple, and appear for a moment in its own proper pomp.

Our own view is that the specialty of Johnson's style is generally very much more a matter of logic than of mere language, with the added explanation in the bad passages of a certain defect in emotion, of which something further shall be said directly, — the big verbiage, when it comes, not being used for its own sake, but as a haphazard substitute for something which he knew was missing. He himself stated that he had not tried to bring in more than four or five new words. In reading of set purpose all that he has written, we were surprised to find so few words not in use by writers now. All that stay notably by us are these: "orbity," for loss or lack of children; "adscitious," for accidental; "reposite," for to lay by; "labefaction," for softening; "defæcation," for cleansing. These words certainly were not needed. The only charm that can be seen in them is that of pedantry; they are blots upon the page wherever they occur. It can only be urged that he who used them had made a dictionary, while none of his critics has done so. It was for years a necessary mental habit with Johnson to have several sets of words, the outlandish as well as the common, present together in his mind, where other people have only one set —

the common, the native. Let it be remembered that he is the only case of a man who wrote a dictionary writing anything else that the public would read. Until some other lexicographers write moral essays, we can hardly say that we know what effect the one labor has upon the other. If the above words stuck to Johnson as burrs, they were not many, taking into account the numbers of queer, half-antiquated, stilted, commonly undreamt-of syllabic groupings he had come into contact with in making his dictionary. But we said that the peculiarity of the Johnsonian style lies more in the construction of the sentence than in the mere verbiage of it, — that the framing of the sentence was mainly due to the action of the logical faculty in him.

Dr. Johnson could think a thought into finer separate parts than anybody. An idea which occurs to ordinary people in a block was in his mind a thing of joints and members. Two or three examples will best show this. In "Rambler" No. 14, when writing of the difference between theory and practice, he says: "A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear." Opening again at the seventeenth paper of the same work, we find a list of divisions nearly as numerous and exact: "The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of suppliants, appear vain and empty things when the last hour approaches." Turning at random to "Rasselas," on the chance page we read: "He projected the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness." Johnson has the same wealth of fine differentiation in abusing. In his "Lives of the Poets," by way of emphasizing the generosity shown to Savage by the player Wilks, he says — most unfairly — that acting "makes men, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal."* A man who is able to keep a thought before him while he thinks it into such a multiplicity of particulars must, by the same act, sustain his verbal expression of it beyond the common. It should be noted that the divisions are not mere strings of words; the distinctions are real ones in the subject. We will give but one more example,

* Whether or not he was hitting covertly at Garrick does not matter, so far as the merely verbal question is concerned.

and in it the reader will be struck with the exact propriety of the diversified epithets. In his "General Observations on Shakespeare's Plays," he thus comments on "Coriolanus:" "The old man's merriment in Menenius, the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia, the bridal modesty in Virgilia, the patrician haughtiness in Coriolanus, the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety." His power of distinguishing is inexhaustible, for it is infinitesimal.

It was this which made Johnson so formidable a controversialist. He could draw a conclusion within the limits of any other man's: no possible mode of restricting an opponent's statement escaped him. By virtue of the same power he could not himself be put in fetters. If anybody was successfully dealing with an affirmation of his, he had but to press some verbal spring in it, and it opened, revealing another inside. In nearly every notable instance of controversial victory by Dr. Johnson it will be found that he triumphs by *narrowing* the area of the argumentation. Throughout, regarded as mere logical play of the intellect within the dimensions of a point, Johnson's thinking was perfect. Sustained ratiocination, in the way of a chain of reasoning, he never attempts. By his skill in the other mode he makes that appear to be unnecessary. The explanation of his having some enormous prejudices obviously lies in the fact that he would not sustain his thinking in a chain; he would not let his mind act freely on those subjects. So far as he would and did think, there was not a spot of shade in his intellect where either a superstition or a fallacy could hide. By this native strength of wit issuing in good sense he casually anticipated several of our most boasted modern legal reforms. He argued against capital punishment excepting for murder; he condemned the giving general forms of security; he was for restricting imprisonment for debt. These, however, are not the points we were wanting to bring out. Cases might be multiplied showing that Johnson had the ability to begin to think upon a proposition earlier than other men, and of ceasing to think on it later, within the area he had permitted to himself. It, therefore, is not very wonderful that he should often want a wider sweep of sentence in which to say all that occurred to him upon a point. "The Rambler," "The Idler," and the contributions to "The Adventurer," are all proofs that, give Johnson an inch of subject, he

could develop it into an area — not a chain — of ratiocination beside which an ordinary writer's dealing with it would be a patch. This is not saying that it is the deepest thinking ever offered, — it is only asserting it to be the most multifarious, the most comprehensive within its narrowed limits.

But fully to give the secret of the Johnsonian mannerism, alike in its merits and in its faults, a great falling-off in the literary emotion in his case has to be pointed out. At times, his words, like those of every notable writer, take on an activity of their own. Whenever this happens with any one, it is either much for the better or much for the worse. The best passages in our chief prose writers, no less than in our poets, are where the phraseology has become oracular in this fashion; the verbiage grows wiser than the thoughts, more tender than the feelings; and the man who falls into this trance of language, is himself the most amazed at the glory and the beauty of the utterance. But, in truth, the words, in prose at any rate, can only be trusted a single inch in advance of the thinking; the thoughts must perpetually overtake and guide the ecstasy, while they take fire from it. Here Johnson was at fault. His words would begin this automatic stir, and do so with an unquestionable air of nobleness, but the literary emotion ran out almost at once, leaving only a mechanical movement to go on. The phrases by inflating into bigness did but mimic the happiness they should have had; doing this easily, consistently, perfectly, from the wealth of verbiage he had amassed in dictionary truckling. But the delicate sense of fitness was lacking, all the fine adjustments of propriety had ceased to act. Instead of these you have the resonant pomp going starkly forward, increasing, unabashed by laughter, growing every moment more out of place, until it ends preposterously, in a huge monumental shame of language, which time cannot decay. In this way, for instance, he comes to speak of brewers' vats as being the potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice, or, in his happiest, most pardonable miscarriage by this fault, affirms that the death of Garrick eclipsed the gaiety of nations. A few instances of this grotesqueness have been seized on, and have been still further exaggerated. After all, they have not very much real value, for they hide rather than illustrate the one broad defect of Johnson's work. This is an over-activity of the intellect always going on. Everything is reasoned about, and

only reasoned about. The feelings are never allowed to mass themselves sufficiently to tell; he forever dissects them away by perpetual small variations of the topic. In the very worst examples, even the reasoning itself becomes formal, going on working when there is not an iota of sentiment left. It does so with the most amazing needlessness, as though ratiocination was a new discovery, requiring that every possible inference and conclusion should be explicitly given as novelties. This issues in sentences which might have been constructed on the monotonous plan of the "buts" in Solomon's proverbs. Here is one: "Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them; but he that believes his own powers are strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself." There are numbers of such sentences. It resembles reasoning by the syllogism fully drawn out, to which the present shortened patience of mankind is not equal. Very frequently Johnson puts the whole of the matter into words, including those parts we habitually take for granted, and suppress in the statement. When this is found out it is resented. Not only is it felt to be a waste of time, it is an obvious arraignment of our mental faculties. Men, when told that twice seven make fourteen, do not like its being added that this is so because three and four are seven. They think they have a right to be credited with knowing as much as that. Indeed, a deeper instinct than that of vanity is at work in the objection. The human mind can only stretch its attention between certain limits. It is but by a progressive dropping out from our statements of what everybody comes mechanically to know, assuming it as commonplace, that we can make progress in our ordinary affirmations, pushing them on another step by drawing in the prior links. Johnson failed greatly here. In one word, *he had no right perception of the commonplace*. He is continually telling us what was already in our thoughts sufficiently, and which has the merit of never needing again to be said in this world.

But let us look at the works a little closer. The first thing that strikes any one is, how fragmentary they are. No man, in our literature, with such powers of thought has confined himself to such a piecemeal way of working. His dictionary is, in a technical sense, a whole, but it is only one as the alphabet is an entity: the big volumes are made up of so many hundreds of pages filled with repetitions of

the same thing—the defining and illustrating a word. "Rasselas" is the shortest novel ever written, of either the first or the second rank, and it ends without being concluded. The tragedy of "Irene" shows the same impatience of prolonged effort, for, although nobody ever wished it longer, that is not because it is lengthy now. "Hamlet" must contain nearly half as much again in quantity. "The Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" is a small, thin volume. If we put these aside, all the rest of Johnson's writings are mere fritters of production. Two or three of the memoirs in his "Lives of the Poets" would make decent-sized pamphlets (*i.e.*, Pope, Dryden, and Savage); while three of his political papers—"Marmor-Norfolciense," "The False Alarm," and "Taxation no Tyranny"—are quite big enough to justify their name of tracts. But the compositions forming "The Rambler," "The Idler," and his writings in "The Adventurer," might all be printed on fly-sheets. In an ill sense, it suited his physical sluggishness, his constitutional laziness, as it also did in a better mode the multifarious activity of his intellect when it was acting, that Addison and Steele had just made the essay a popular form of writing. But if that desultory literary fashion was then in his favor, it is wholly against both him and us now. The modern development of the novel has effectually spoiled us for such single mouthfuls of plain fiction as essayists can give. It is as a moralist that Johnson survives. The character-sketches, the apologies, and other devices with which he eked out his proper work, become every year more and more a kind of neglected mental *débris*, among which we have to search for what we want. No one can help a feeling of vexatious regret as he turns over the pages. In no other English writer of the first class have we half as much of what must be called waste work as we have in Johnson.

It is a kind of waste which might well form the best of some authors, even of some literatures, but in him it still is waste. The question was how can works on the plan of "The Spectator," "The Rambler," and "The Idler," get the needed diversification of their contents? There is obviously the resource of an imaginary club. It broke down in the hands of Addison, but not before he had made it impossible for anybody else to try it. Johnson was too prudent to do so. There remained the palpable artifice of pretended letters from correspondents, and, besides this, one or

two minor arts which the literary fashions then current admitted of. Among these, perhaps, the most valuable was that of the "dream." No writer for two generations past has been permitted awedly to go to sleep over his writings: it is a privilege which modern readers insist on keeping for themselves. But Johnson was at liberty to write, "While pondering this, I fell asleep, and lo! I beheld." etc. It was also then allowed to point a moral by imagining any impossible scenes, provided that they were placed in the East or at a very great distance anywhere else. Such geographical license no longer exists. A certain air of childishness has overtaken all these trivial arts, antiquating them, with the result of not a little restricting the literary apparatus. Johnson both dreamt in print and made imaginary journeys; his great resource, however, was fictitious correspondence. He who so scorned Garrick for being a player, himself tried every kind of personation with the pen. He writes to himself pretending to be a man of fashion about town—a city tradesman—a country squire—a gamester—a virtuoso—a legacy-hunter—a shop apprentice—a debtor in jail. He puts himself forward as a young man, a man of middle age, an old man. He is a husband writing all kinds of things of his wife, a wife complaining in every possible way of her husband. The drollest of all in these assumptions is Johnson's liking for pretending to be a woman. Nothing so nearly pleases this giant as to put on petticoats, though he is much too Falstaffian to be able to hide his beard. There is scarcely any type of feminine character which Johnson does not attempt. He is a young girl impatient of home restraints; a vulgar rich woman creeping into fashionable life; an heiress sought by crowds of lovers; a squire's wife whose soul is merged in making preserves and wines; a young lady of quality; an old maid; a young widow, wanting to be married again; a servant girl; a woman of the town. We need not dwell on the question of whether these assumptions were successful in any dramatic sense. The public by its utter neglect of them shows that it is sufficiently aware that they were not. Addison's men and women are still real beings moving about in the world. You continually hear of them and read of them as you do of Shakespeare's people. Not one of Johnson's survives. They never did live. He put on a mask and tried to disguise his voice a little. The names he gave the characters were labels for himself.

This depreciation, however, must not go a step further. We allow that the characters wanted life, but they had everything else. If Johnson had not the true spirit of humor which can create, he was possessed of a cleverness that did everything but substitute it. Nobody can detect any lack of information. Richardson had not so much of the stock furniture of this kind needed by a writer of fiction; Fielding scarcely had more. The appropriate details of every situation, be it of town life or life in the country, are fully and consistently given. Again and again the reader is so busily entertained by particulars that he forgets the want of true versatility in the feigned characters. In this secondary way, many of the sketches are really diverting. If the space for it offered, it would be possible to quote a series of passages so good, that few persons could perceive what was lacking in them. Nothing does ail them but that nameless fault which only the collective public can find out; the successive generations neglect to go on reading, and by this simple means posterity comes to retain only the indescribable best of each kind. For instance, we might defy any one to point out in what respects the sketch of the virtuoso given in the eighty-second "Rambler" could be made smarter than it is. This collector of curiosities allows his tenants to pay their rent in butterflies, but then, in that way, he obtains three earth-worms not known to naturalists. The sale of the Harleian Collection finally ruins him; he mortgages his lands to buy thirty medals which he could never meet with before. Or, take the account in "Rambler" No. 57, of Lady Bustle, with her preserves, home-made wines, and the jealously-guarded receipt of the famous orange pie. The story of the pie would not have disgraced Goldsmith. If something still lighter is wanted, there is the letter in "Rambler" No. 34, in which a young lover relates his coach excursion with Anthea, an heiress. The description of her humors, her affected frights, her pretended discontents, and her real satisfaction, leaves out no particular which Addison could have put in, only he would have put them in with a general difference. The portrait of Tom Tempest, in "Idler" No. 11, who still stood up for the house of Stuart, is antiquated now, but one can see that it was very good then. In "Rambler" No. 46, Euphelia, describing the dull monotony of her visit to some country relations, gives a picture of the silly exclusiveness and stupid passions of rural

society in those days, which hardly could be better done. Will Marvel's account of his wonderful journey, in "Idler" No. 49, is a piece of very lively exaggeration. We might prolong the list. In all the cases the excellence would be seen to lie in the perfect fullness of detail. Johnson's intellect forbids any overlooking. His logical faculty positively stands him in the stead of imagination; he is able to reason out all that necessarily belongs to the situation or the character with which he is dealing. But no man can use the understanding in place of the imagination without the risk of its betraying him into great failure through excess. It does not know what details to omit, one particular is worth just as much to it as another. In this way Johnson repeatedly does not know when to stop. Some of his jokes are as cumbrous as he was himself. Among these huge failures may be set down the paper on "Garrets," "Rambler" No. 117; that on "Magnets for Discovering Virtue," "Rambler" No. 199; the one about "Advertisements," "Idler" No. 40; and that on "The Miseries of having been in Trade," in "Rambler" No. 123. There are others, but of what use is it to specify them, when even the best of what we have been speaking of has, in reference to present readers, not to mention later posterity, to be certainly regarded as waste? All this attempted humor was really hackney writing. Whenever Johnson was afraid of his readers tiring of the lay sermons which were his right work, he put in a character-sketch, or a fiction of some kind, meaning it to be mirthful. It was natural and easy for him to do it—the doing it was part of his acquired craft. Johnson, it must be borne in mind, started as a hack, and in fact he never laid down the character. To compose an epitaph, or to write "Lives," to supply other authors with "prefaces" and "introductions," was journey-work belonging to his business. Down to the last it remained just as much so, as in the earlier days it was to provide the *Gentleman's Magazine* with Parliamentary debates. There has been no other such literary journeyman. In nine cases out of ten, allowing for the manner which would cling to him too much, the workmanship was excellent. But it was hackney, and in the end the world is not satisfied with that, in either literature or art. There is no mystery in it. Somebody, either before or after, stirred by the genuine impulse, does the same thing better.

Fortunately for Johnson, wit is always

genuine, and the world does not ask for what wages it was produced. If his being a humorist may be questioned, there is no doubt of his being a wit. A writer who in his first special effort took Juvenal as his model, and achieved such a poem as "London," must have had satire for his original literary impulse. In a moment we will speak of his poetry in a separate paragraph, but he appears in his prose works as the satirist throughout. You never go far without coming upon a stroke of it. It is not satire of the very first rank, we admit: there is not enough of bitterness in it. We need not say that it makes only a very distant approach to Juvenal; it is far below Pope in the keenness of its sting. His satire, in fact, is rather the perfection of verbal style, than of real ill-feeling; the words fit so well that they grow hard and shine,—at the angles they are so sharp that they cut. If a man writes exactly upon trifles, he must develop wit; and the very fact of the topic being trivial makes the wit take on the appearance of satire. Johnson's ridicule of card-playing in society, the forming collections of curiosities, feminine worship of soldiers' finery, and the then popular custom of attending auction-sales, gets its success in this way. But some parts of his minor political papers,—we do not mean the "tracts,"—deserve higher praise. The wit is sustained somewhat beyond what the mere polish of style could give; in commenting on the war it becomes once or twice really savage. It must be confessed that the doings of our troops about the year 1758 were not brilliant. Any one who had attained a full command of his pen would be pretty sure to write his best in dealing with them, for he would be under the full stress of patriotic indignation. To find fault with an army gives full scope for satire; it is the largest and finest topic a wit can have. Johnson proved this. There has not been much put into English type that reads so grimly as the latter half of "Idler" No. 8. His sketch of a method by which our army might, in course of time, be brought to look an enemy in the face, whether French or American, is not very unlike what Swift would have given us. The passage is too lengthy for us to quote. In his political tracts, written more or less to order, he moves in fetters; the wit there is nearly all a matter of mere finish of phrase, and sometimes the secret that it is so is shamelessly apparent. The attack made on "Junius" in the paper on the Falkland Islands is of this labored, unsuc-

cessful kind. One or two of its best points will, perhaps, bear citing, as "Junius" never ceases to interest. Johnson says:—

When he had once provided for his safety by impenetrable secrecy, he had nothing to combat but truth and justice, enemies whom he knows to be feeble in the dark. . . . Finding sedition ascendant, he has been able to advance it; finding the nation combustible, he has been able to inflame it. . . . Those who know not whither he would lead them resolve to follow him, and those who cannot find his meaning hope he means rebellion.

It would not be difficult to fill pages with minute specimens of what may be styled fairly successful satire. In his preface to Shakespeare, speaking of the stage as shown by others, he says: "The theatre is peopled by such characters as are never seen, conversing in language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind." His life of the poet Hughes has this remark: "Hughes added to the 'Dialogues' of Fontenelle, which he translated, two of his own, and, though not only an honest but a pious man, he dedicated the work to the Earl of Wharton." In dealing with Savage in the "Lives," he says,—"The poet contented himself with the applause of men of judgment, and was disposed to exclude from the character of men of judgment all who did not applaud him." In the life of Thomson, he observes of London, that "it is a place where merit will find friends so soon as it is reputable to befriend it." Of the poet Dyer, he says, that "he seemed to think that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry." This list of good things could be lengthened considerably.

Here we may conveniently speak of his own poetry. The satire, it needs not to be said, is good. Indeed, that is not saying enough of it. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" contains more passages which would be recognized by the general reader, than any poetical piece of the same length in our language, if we make the single exception of Pope's "Essay on Man." It has fewer than four hundred lines, but these supply at least ten stock quotations. This is a marvellous success. Alike in it, and in "London," there are lines and couplets, now-and-then longer passages, as fine as anything below the very best work of Dryden and Pope. In parts of the prologue spoken by Garrick at the opening of his theatre, the same excellence of rhetorical finish comes to his aid. But what is to be said of the rest

of the so-called poetry? Wherever it is not satire, it is impossible not to call it utter failure. The tragedy of "Irene" cannot be read now without more laughter than some modern comedies give. The style in which the passions are sought to be conveyed is positively that which is appropriate to burlesque. Read the scene where Cali Bassa relates to Demetrius the seizure of Aspasia in Sophia's temple. Demetrius, the heroine's lover, gives vent to his feelings in the melodramatic line,—

In Sophia's temple!—what alarm!—Proceed.

That single word, "proceed," settles all Johnson's claims as a dramatist. Can any one imagine Shakespeare making one of his characters interrupt the story of the seizure of his lady-love with the exclamation, "What alarm!—Proceed!" Directly afterwards Demetrius has another passionate outburst. The whole passage had better be given:—

Dem. Celestial goodness,

It must, it must be she!—her name?

Cali. Aspasia!

Dem. What hopes, what terrors rush upon my soul!

Oh, lead me quickly to the scene of fate;

Break through the politician's tedious forms,

Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her!

That Johnson, who yet remains for his countrymen the standard critic of Shakespeare, should not have known, in his own case, that this making the hero say to the audience that he felt in such-and-such a way, instead of letting them find it out, was dramatically ridiculous, is amazing. Assuredly, if "Irene" had been a play he was criticising, not writing, he would have seen it instantly. The rest of his compositions in verse,—if we omit the Latin pieces, whose only value is the evidencing a certain command over the language,—are not very numerous, but they are all too many. With the ordinary fixed conceptions of Dr. Johnson, there is something very laughter-moving in finding him writing poems "To Stella." He has odes to "Evening," and to all the "Seasons." There are "Lines" written at the request of a gentleman when a lady had given him a sprig of myrtle. He addressed a composition to Miss —, "On her giving the author a gold and silk network purse of her own weaving." Another piece is addressed to this lady, "On her playing upon the harpsichord in a room hung with flower-pieces of her own painting." He translates from Horace and Anacreon, and

scholars agree that he does it as badly as most other people.

There is but one remark to be made upon it all. He could write satire in verse, for in satirizing a man has to reason, and having such stores of language of the rather lofty kind, Johnson could reason in poetry just as well as in prose, — that is to say, absolutely, perfectly; but the moment he slackens the working of the logical faculty, seeking to simulate feeling raised to the musical pitch, he is lost. He has not the gift of song at all. In mimicking it, the only chance he had of concealing the fact from himself was to take the first technically complete suggestion that offered, and believe it inspiration. Very often it was doggerel. The compositions meant to rhyme, of course, do it; they are poetical numbers to that extent; but when he drops that resource, and tries blank verse, the failure is such as no other writer of his rank has left behind him. It might be said that the nearest approach he ever made to poetry was a piece of prose. His little fiction, "The Fountains: a Fairy Tale," is excellent reading. But you are finally compelled to say that about five-sixths of Johnson's poetry must be counted with his humorous prose; for all final uses, it is waste.

With a sense of relief, one turns to his proper work, the ethical disquisitions. It is easy to characterize Johnson in this higher aspect. To begin with: There is nothing whatever of the mystic in him. He does not try to solve any problem. We remember but a single case where he attempts any dealing with the puzzles of this life. In one of the "Idler" papers, the existence of evil being spoken of, he affirms that nearly all moral good can be traced to the occasions physical evil gives for it. This explanation is not Johnson's own, but he accepts it as sufficient, and with the great historic enigma he meddles no more. He is, in his beliefs, an average Englishman, not looking out for any new doctrine. He holds that what is needful to be known, religiously, morally, politically, is already known: it is for him nearly all contained within the Church of England's standards. As a metaphysician he cannot be said to have any rank whatever. He does not even betray curiosity as to the fundamental questions; and, difficult as it is to think that the feeling was wholly stifled, there is the evidence of his private devotional formularies and records, not originally meant for publication, and covering the greater part of his life. In these, we do not find a stir of thought betoken-

ing any misgiving as to the efficiency and sufficiency of the ordinary notions. It was, however, the same with him in politics. From first to last he was a plain, old-fashioned Tory, without a single variation in his thinking towards Liberalism. To understand it all, the habit of his mind must be persistently taken into account. For him to have argued out his general principles would necessarily have involved him in sustained ratiocination, which we have said he would not undertake, and it would have left him, for recurring periods at least, with gaps in his thinking, each one of which would have been a torment to him. Johnson could not do for an instant without what would pass for full, complete thinking on any and every subject. He consequently accepted the old fixed doctrines just as he found them, boundlessly illustrating them from the quick, momentary activities of his own mind. This instinctive resolve to escape from all the discontent of a want of conclusive, finished thinking, must have been the reason for his scoffing at physical science. (See "Rambler," No. 24, and "Idler," No. 17.) The failure to apprehend its coming wonders must always remain a stigma on Johnson. But such sciences as botany and meteorology were then so new that his mind could not illustrate them. He did himself dabble in chemistry, but then it had a history. In every case he must have full materials for thinking, readiest, easiest, most completely within the limits of a small space, and he turned where they lay. The only mode of enlargement then was paradox. This he snatched at; not only, we believe, for momentary triumphs, but for his own satisfaction. His saying that Dr. J. Campbell, a person then notorious, was a good man because he raised his hat when he passed a church though he never went in, and his praising Charles II. as a king of good principles, admit of some explanation beyond the supposition of wilfulness. It was the only way left in which he could simulate a free action of his intellect within the doctrinal restrictions which he would not transgress. He tries after this enlargement perpetually. It is this effort which may be seen working at the bottom, in such varying instances as his asserting that female unchastity could not be too harshly treated; his arguing that a lawyer had no duty to have an opinion as to the injustice of his client's cause until the court had pronounced; his condoling with Dr. Dodd the night before he was hanged, on the ground that his crime (forgery) had not corrupted any man's

principles. For the same reasons, this oligarch in politics was a democrat in literature, always ready to believe that wide-spread reputation in authorship has occult justifications for itself. Though his inquiries into ghost stories were not conclusive, he thinks such tales should not be wholly decried, since they have been believed by so many generations of men. Large, full materials for thinking briskly, but easily, stand to him in the stead of radical proofs. He would not venture after those into any wild, uncertain places. No man ever could make mental bricks quicker or better, but he must have his straw found for him, and plenty of it. Without a store in hand to begin with he would not work. This is not to be praised; it means some cowardice or weakness; for, at that rate, we should never have had any truth at all. However, it was thus that Johnson did not, in all his writings and talkings, give the world a single novelty of doctrine; his utmost approach to originality lies in the striking out of paradoxes in phraseology, necessitating greater activity of mind in applying an old principle. His merit, as we sought to show at the outset, is wholly of another kind than originality. It is that of an absolutely explicit statement of ordinary beliefs—a full illustrative exposition of the trite thoughts which the common mind of the community into which he was born has for its hereditary furniture. It was a very necessary, a very valuable work, and he did it with splendid excellence. Possibly, some of those who are forever crying out for the continued discovery of new truth, are not fully aware of how much truth Johnson—merely by bringing it together in shining heaps—showed that we have lying to hand already discovered, but unused.

The best course will be to try to connect the moral principles scattered throughout Johnson's writings. If any one could grasp them, and habitually apply the rules in conduct, he would not be far short of finding in them an intellectual scheme of right living.

As the starting point for the synopsis, we may take his statement ("Rambler" No. 49) that it is vain to try to preserve life in a state of neutrality and indifference. If, he says, we could hope by excluding joy to shut out grief, the plan would be worth considering, but as misery will find its way at many inlets, we may surely endeavor to raise life above the middle point of apathy at one time, for it will necessarily sink below it at another. But

this robust encouragement to risk something for enjoyment must be taken along with his views on self-denial ("Idler," No. 53). To every man there is, he urges, a point in the indulgence of pleasure which is fatal; having passed it he will not return to temperance. "To deny early and inflexibly is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence." As the fundamental virtue, he elects prudence. He always recognizes the antipathetic aspects of life to youth and age ("Rambler," No. 69), and he is fully aware of the impossibility of combining different sets of enjoyments,—if we will have some, we must give up others. The diversities of human character ("Rambler," No. 70), with the folly of expecting uniformity of taste, are continually urged by him. He has an abiding sense of how our time is pettily appropriated by custom, and by our physical wants, these latter levelling all ranks. The paltriness of many of our pleasures is fully seen by him, though he teaches no disgust, frankly accepting enjoyments however small. His general view of life is specially social. Not only does he fully appraise friendship ("Rambler," No. 99), but he has what may be called a scientific conception of the art of mutually pleasing,—he praises politeness to its full height, and rightly values social accomplishments as a means of conventional intercourse. Scarcely any moralist awards so much importance to mere peevishness, and what you may term egotism, as ills of life. He never loses sight of how much any man's success in gaining the admiration of others must be limited by diversity in tastes, by distractions of attention, by the demands of their own affairs. He acknowledges an element of romance in life, noting how human beings when thrown into contact interest one another in ways they are not aware of, much less design. For the cure of disappointment and sorrow, apart from the higher resources of religion, he relies mainly on active employment, not on forced mirth, nor on indulged melancholy. Finally, he ever regards man as the creature of hope, the sport of passion, a lover of himself, always more or less the fool of the future. It is easy to detect recurrences among the minor thoughts,—as that man is of importance to himself, that we must seem pleased if we would give pleasure, etc.

This is only a skeleton statement, necessarily omitting all the amazing completeness of detailed thinking, all the noble finish of style. If we cited the proofs in

full, we should give passage after passage of the most perfect rational exposition in our own or in any literature. Johnson's chief subjects need no more mere exposition from now to the end of the world; all the facts are taken up by him, all the inferences are given. High as some of the topics are, he is always sufficient for them. There is no common human duty, either of performance or of avoidance, for which he cannot assign the full grounds. The authority of his teaching is drawn from the intellect, not enforced by any enthusiasm of the feelings, and, in a certain high sense, that means a defect personally; but it follows from this that the rhetoric is never excessive, and is not liable to stale. Who can suppose a time when Johnson's absolutely logical presentation of these matters will be wholly out of fashion? He left it to religion to supply the actuating motives, always assuming that to be present, added to what he urged. Grant this, and regard his self-imposed task as that of explaining virtue by lay reasoning, expounding it as a matter of common sense, provable to the understanding from the facts, and he did the work as no other writer has done it. His scheme, we allow, does not include any hints for the lofty department of the culture of the emotions by means of art, now growing increasingly indispensable to the daintiest souls; but looking to the ordinary wants of mankind, the apparatus of moral principles he offers is all but sufficient. Scattered about in these essays lie the fragmentary materials for a new "Whole Duty of Man;" and it was such a work that Johnson ought to have given to the world, for it to have had the full fruit of his mind, if we let our expectations rise to the height of his powers at their best. Instead of that whole we have these splendid pieces.

In saying that Johnson's writings are void of any enthusiasm of the feelings, a single qualification must be made. He gives play to one passion; he has, at times, an enthusiasm of sadness. There is nowhere to be met with a more relentless review of the inevitableness, the commonness, the diversity of human miseries, than he gives in the 120th paper of "The Adventurer." Here is his general conclusion:—

The world in its best state is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from one another.

In other essays, he deals with some hu-

man woes separately, going into the particulars. "Rambler" No. 69 has a passage on the prospect of age, which is as sad as words can be:—

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape, and fortitude may conquer. . . . But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings we have lost.

Here we have melancholy rising into the ideal. These darker ones are the only set of facts which overcome the fine balance of Johnson's understanding. It is plain that, in the above utterance, he leaves out of view the way in which time lessens our wants, and, also, overlooks some compensations which it gives. One thing, however, must be borne in mind. It is impossible for any one now to read these passages without thinking of gloomy episodes in Johnson's own career. Besides Boswell's details, we have Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," which affect most readers in an exaggerated way. They are but pen-and-ink records of what everybody experiences; we all pray and resolve, and fail, and hope and resolve again; but he wrote them all down, while the rest of us omit it. They are in no way to be reckoned among literary productions, and we leave them. If, however, readers had not this extra, this interfering knowledge of the writer, it is not unlikely that they would admiringly regard the passages in the essays simply as wonderful instances of heroic persistence in shutting out illusion and accepting the whole of the facts. At least, to go into the details of Johnson's failure to be as wise in act as he was in writing, would be the very Boswellianism which it is the plan of this paper not to aid. His defence, almost his exculpation, was his diseased body.

A word has yet to be added of him in another literary aspect. He still is the most generally recognized critic in our literature; true, it has not many. Earlier, we ventured to say that in so far as Englishmen at all qualify their idolatry of Shakespeare, the bulk of them still take their opinions of the plays from Johnson. He made some enormous mistakes. In selecting, as the most striking passage in English poetry, the scene he quotes from Congreve's "Mourning Bride," he showed a stolidness which is one of the most amazing marvels among the wonders

of criticism. His refusal to admire in several other cases is equally unfair. But even in these instances the fine working of his intellect in affording ingenious reasons for his detailed condemnations is not only interesting, — it is valuable; for if the applications of the reasoning are out of place more or less in the cases in hand, they may advantageously be borne in mind as real hints of a critical canon. We need not stay to enforce this by such differing examples as his notices of Gray and Swift, both of whom he undervalues. Nearly the only critical verdict of his from which the general public has turned with much feeling is his judgment of Milton. Something of this is owing to lack of distinguishing between parts of the criticism. Johnson was embittered against Milton as a politician, and he had no liking for him as a man, but his appreciation of him as a poet could hardly rise higher than it does at the highest points. He scoffs at most of the minor poems, notably at the sonnets; possibly, the wonder is, after all, that in a case where his personal bias was so strongly acting, he erred no further. Indeed, considering the great constitutional defects of emotion Johnson's own poetry shows, it is little short of a literary miracle that his range of critical appreciation betrays him so little. It is certain that he must have praised more distinct kinds in poetry than those which gave him pleasure. The explanation, we believe, is that he was sometimes able, intellectually, to discern the mental marks of successful composition even where he failed to respond emotionally. In matters of mere constructive skill, as, also, in reference to the technical proprieties of embellishment, his judgment was solidly accurate. The sympathetic shortcomings are so hidden, are in a fashion so substituted, in the ways we have mentioned, that, excepting in a few instances, the public has never become fully aware of them. Johnson cannot be called a great critic in the high, original sense; if he has perfected the rules of literary judgment within a certain compass, he has not really widened the popular taste, by any encouragement of novel kinds of merit, adding to the power of the public enjoyment of literature: still, in spite of this, what he has done he has done so well, that he is the only critic we have who is read from one generation to another. A great part of his work in this department, as in every other of it, is now labor lost. He was willing, at the publishers' dictation, to let their trade catalogues stand for the roll of fame, and to write

about Hammond, or Somerville, or West, just as readily as about Pope, or Dryden, or Butler, or Young, or Thomson. Johnson positively had no sensitiveness as to his topics; anybody might set him a task; he justified to himself the execution of it by the fineness of the workmanship.

And now, lastly, the question remains, after all that we have said of his finish of style, what is Johnson's rank as a literary artist? what sense of form had he? Well, it cannot be put high. His power of excelling, wonderful as it was, did not go much further than the sentence, — certainly not beyond the paragraph. Even within those limits, if the criticism is to be absolute, there is a certain hardness, an absence of easy flow, a want of vital elasticity; the sentences are mechanisms of joints and hinges; clearly-cut, exactly-balanced, but still mechanical. They stand out in perfect distinctness, they shine, sometimes they glitter, but on none of them is there the varying, shifting bloom of phrase which is the last glory of verbiage. It is, however, when we regard the works as separate wholes that we see how much he failed. He has left no model, nor anything approaching to it. Essays, of course, do not pretend to merit of plan beyond the most rudimentary stage. His successful poems were imitations; his tragedy was very clumsy, — in the last act there are thirteen scenes; his novel makes little use of the first fine conception of the hidden Happy Valley, and so soon as the characters are in the world outside, the plot degenerates into the simplicity of a mere ramble from place to place. On the high score of form, then, his works can make no claim. On the other hand, he must have the full merit of being one of the earliest of those who are called the moderns in our list of writers. He may be said to have given the finishing blow to pastoral in poetry, and to mythological ornamentation in any style of composition. Only in one respect does Johnson appear to present readers as antiquated, — in the great use he makes of personification, which is a literary artifice that has fallen wholly into desuetude. There is now an air of childishness about such sentences as these, — "Criticism was the eldest daughter of Labor and Truth; she was at her birth committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the Palace of Wisdom" ("Rambler," No. 3). "Labor was the son of Necessity, the nursing of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess"

("Rambler," No. 33). In another paper, Rest, Labor, Lassitude, Luxury, and Satiation are personified; so elsewhere are Truth, Falsehood, Curiosity, etc.

It is a fair question, whether this artifice stands on the same footing as pastoral poetry and mythological decoration. We scarcely think it does. There is a large body of our experience not expressed in the current literature for the very reason that in this utter disuse of personification there is no longer any means of bringing it in a sustained way before the mind. For the mental and moral qualities, representing so much of what we know and feel, we have names; but a name is not embodiment enough to enable us to contemplate them effectually. Indeed, what we may term the natural history of the virtues and the vices can only be given in parable. We now are pretending to do without it, and we succeed after a fashion; that is, we omit effective meditation on these subjects. Let any one who wishes to know how much we lose by this utter exclusion of personification read Johnson's "Vision of the Hermit of Teneriffe." The fable of the "Mountain of Existence," with its personifications of Education, Appetite, Habits, Reason, Pride, Content, Indolence, Melancholy, Despair, and Religion, will make — unless we are wholly mistaken — the process of human experience intelligible to him in a way which is impossible by the use of abstract terms only. A time may come when language will have condensed itself and have developed its associations sufficiently for mere names to serve, but, at present, we are far from it. Personification seems a real need of exposition, one which cannot be permanently unrecognized. It has the objection of staling badly from over-use. Now and then, it must ask a period of neglect to gain freshness. Whenever it is re-adopted, it will give a palpable enlargement of the vehicle of literary expression. Johnson's great use of it has these grounds of justification.

But, in order fully to perceive Johnson's extraordinary merits, you must take the perfect wisdom of what he says in his splendid fragments with the all but perfect way in which he said it, for his style was ample for these brief flights of composition. In his writings, we again say, there is no oddity of manner, no unsoundness of view, nothing approaching to grotesqueness; he is nearly the politest of our writers; everything with him is polished, even stiffened a little into elegant hardness. His one exaggeration was that of a

careful nobleness. It is quite true that there was the huge Boswellian difference between Johnson as an author and as a man, but we have so many eccentric men and so few nearly perfect writers, that it may be doubted whether it would not have been as well to have had the unlesened effect of Johnson as an author. For it is from this sublime, inevitable hypocrisy of literature that the world gets its lay working ideal perpetually renewed. As yet, a human creature can only sometimes be quite good in the still act of writing. By a happy error, those who do not write mix up the man and the author, where the difference is not forced on them as in this case, and, thinking there are beings so much better than the common, they try, fitfully, to live after the style of books. If the illusion should be destroyed, and it ever came to be universally known that literature is intentional only, that the writers of these high judgments, exact reflections, beautiful flights of sentiment, are in act simply as other men, how is the great bulk to be stung into trying after progress?

Johnson was a wonderful possibility of this illusion. With the pen in his hand, he was a nearly perfect man. But, thanks to Boswell's fidelity, the accidents of a diseased body have been allowed to obscure more than a little the literary effect of his splendid mind.

WILLIAM CYPLES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY ONE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

I.

HE is a powerful man. That is what strikes at once every one who sees him for the first time. He is very tall and of enormous weight, but not ungainly. Every part of his gigantic frame is well-proportioned, — the large, round head, the massive neck, the broad shoulders, and the vigorous limbs. He is now more than sixty-three, and the burden he has had to bear has been unusually heavy; but though his step has become slow and ponderous, he carries his head high — looking down, even, on those who are as tall as himself — and his figure is still erect. During these latter years he has suffered frequent and severe bodily pain, but no one could look upon him as an old man, or as one to be pitied. On the contrary, everybody who

sees him feels that Prince Bismarck is still in possession of immense physical power.

Photography has made his features known to all. It is a strange face, which would attract attention anywhere, even if we did not know that it belonged to a man whose doings have changed our modern world. It is a face never to be forgotten — by no means a handsome, but still less an ugly one. It was remarkably bright, full of humor, of merry mischief even, in days long gone by. It has now become serious — almost solemn — with an expression of unflinching energy and daring.

The bald, round forehead — an object of admiration for the phrenologist — is of quite extraordinary dimensions; the large, prominent blue eyes seem as if they could look into the sun without blinking. They are not quick, — they wander slowly from one object to another; but when they rest on a human countenance, they become so intensely inquiring, that many people, when they have to undergo this searching look, feel uneasy; and all, even Bismarck's equals or superiors, are made aware that they are in presence of a man with whom it would be wise to play fair, as he would probably discover the subtlest tricks. His thick, well-set eyebrows are singularly long and shaggy, and they add not a little to the stern, and, at times, somewhat fierce expression of his countenance. The nose is of ordinary size — not as long, perhaps, as might be expected from the rest of the face; the chin is large and massive.

Prince Bismarck has said of himself, that he was "the best-hated man in Europe." He has indeed many furious enemies in various parts of the world: in his own country to begin with, among the Particularists, the Catholics, and the Socialists; and again at Rome, in Austria, and in France. He has not often been heard to complain of this; still, a bright intellect cannot possess the knowledge of such a fact without being saddened by it. Prince Bismarck is by no means a light-hearted man. Sorrow and care have taken up their abode with him. They throw a shadow on his brow, and make themselves felt in the sound of his voice, and in the frequent bitterness of his hesitating speech. He is no longer young; he fully realizes the fact that the best part of his life is gone, that his greatest battles have been fought; and maybe in his inner heart there is the feeling, that while he has achieved much for the greatness of his country, he has done but little for his own happiness. Sometimes, when he is sitting among his per-

sonal and intimate friends — he has, besides his family, some five or six of these — free from all restraint, smoking his long pipe, patting the head of his huge dog, attending listlessly to a conversation going on around him in subdued tones, there passes over his cold face a something like a soft transparent veil, behind which his hard features relax and take an unlooked-for expression of wistful sadness.

After all, Otto von Bismarck, a child of the Marches, where his family has been known since the thirteenth century, is a thorough-bred German. Though one of the most matter-of-fact men the world has ever known, he carries within his breast a hidden vein of deep feeling; and though that feeling is certainly not of the kind which gives birth to morbid sentimentality, and it is difficult to believe that young Bismarck ever addressed his complainings to the moon, still it enables him to feel keenly all that a sensitive heart has to endure during the passage through life.

His love for his wife and children is very great, and these attend on him and take care of him in a way which shows that the deepest affection unites them to the head of the family. They look on all those who bring hard work, trouble, or anxiety to the prince, as personal enemies; they protect his sleep, his rest, his leisure even, as the most precious thing in the world. When he is ill, they nurse him with untiring care; his slightest wishes are respected laws; they enjoy his pleasures; and if any man has succeeded in amusing the prince, or even in making him smile, you may be assured that the princess and her children will thank him as though he had done them a personal service.

As for the prince, he has given during his life constant proofs not only of true and honest love for the wife he has chosen and the children she has borne him, but also of a delicate, and, one may say, chivalrous tenderness towards them. Years have made no change in this. Every one who has been admitted into the intimacy of the Bismarck family has been able to judge of the affectionate, and, at the same time, dignified character of the relations between the prince and princess. Hundreds of passages might be quoted in confirmation of this, from the letters written by Bismarck to his wife, some of which have been published. It may suffice to notice here his behavior in her presence a few minutes after a daring attack had been made on his life by Julius Cohen — better known as Blind, from the name of Carl Blind who had adopted him as a son.

It was in 1866. Bismarck — then Count Bismarck — was returning from the palace, where he had been to see the king. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling have since attempted the life of the emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer. Blind, however, had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace, and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened.

The countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the king of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the drawing-room, and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife, —

"Well! are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting."

He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit!*" (May your meal be blessed!) and then added, —

"You see I am quite well."

She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. . . . Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."

Bismarck was the idol of his peasants as long as he remained among them at Kniepfof and at Schoenhausen. Though his life has been investigated with extraordinary minuteness by his friends as well as by his enemies, nothing has ever been brought forward which would show him in any other light than that of a kind master. He is by no means what some people call "severe, but just," which, in most cases, signifies simply, "very hard." He was

always really kind to all those who had a right to look up to him for protection. One day he was inspecting the dikes at Schoenhausen. He came to a spot where infiltrations from the Elbe had caused a large space of ground to be covered with water to about the depth of a foot. He wanted to get over, but not being dressed for the occasion, he looked about to find a suitable passage. One of the Schoenhausen peasants, angling near him, saw his difficulty.

"Get on my back," he said to young Bismarck, who was then about twenty-four; "I'll carry you over."

"You don't know what you offer," answered Bismarck, with a laugh; "I ride thirteen stone."

"Never mind," replied the man. "We would all of us like to carry you through anything, even if you were a deal heavier."

Bismarck has not changed as regards his kindness to humble folks. While among the great personages who approach him — privy councillors, ministers, ambassadors, princes even — there are many who fear him to an almost incredible degree, and who literally tremble before him, his old servants speak of him and to him with that peculiar, respectful familiarity which exists only between a good master and attached servants.

Last year, when Bismarck's favorite dog, "Sultan," was dying, he watched beside the poor animal with such manifestly deep sorrow that Count Herbert, the prince's eldest son, at last endeavored to get his father away. The prince took a few steps towards the door, but on looking back, his eyes met those of his old friend. "No, leave me alone," he said, and he returned to poor Sultan. When the dog was dead, Bismarck turned to a friend who was standing near, and said, — "Those old German forefathers of ours had a kind religion. They believed that, after death, they would meet again in the celestial hunting-grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. . . . I wish I could believe that."

Bismarck's love for his dogs can be traced back to his earliest youth, and is very peculiar. It does not in the least resemble the commonplace liking most people are able to feel for some pet animal. It is a real affection, deeply rooted in his large heart, and closely allied to the kindness which he shows to all on whose faithfulness he can rely, and who look up to him for protection.

Another thoroughly German characteristic in Prince Bismarck is his love for

nature, and especially for the forest. In many of his letters to his wife, dated from Biarritz, Fontarabia, San Sebastian, and other places, he speaks also with enthusiasm of the beauty of the sea. "My conscience smites me," he says in one of these letters, "for enjoying all this beauty by myself, — for seeing it without you."

When Bismarck is in the country, his greatest pleasure is to take long rides and walks in the thick forest, frequently quite alone; and those who live with him have observed that he is never in a gentler mood than when he returns from one of these visits to "his oldest friends," as he calls the trees. When he is absent from home, overburdened with work and responsibility, his chief recreation is to get away from the town, to seek peace and rest in the nearest forest. In Berlin, at the Radziwill Palace, where the prince now lives — that same palace where the Congress has been holding its sittings — the prince's private office looks out upon a fine old park, extending behind the house. Bismarck likes to sit there alone after some hot political discussion, and in the soft music of the trees he seems to find a soothing balm for his over-excited nerves.

When he insisted last year on retiring from office, after many important concessions had been made to him, he made use of one argument, which it was not found easy to combat.

"Business will keep me in Berlin," he said. "I hate the Wilhelm Strasse. I have not many years to live; I would like to spend them near my trees."

The chancellor's tender of his resignation has often been sneered at by "knowing people." These know little of Bismarck's private character, or they would not doubt that he really yearns for peace and rest. He has been a very ambitious man; but his unclouded judgment, which the most astonishing success in life has not been able to obscure, tells him that he cannot go beyond, or rather above, the position which he has occupied since the close of the French war. The prince has no longer any personal interest in remaining in office; if he does so, it is chiefly out of love and respect for his royal master.

Foreigners can scarcely imagine how deeply loyalty towards the Hohenzollerns is rooted in old Prussian families like Bismarck's. This feeling has not been modified by modern influences — it belongs to the Middle Ages. The thorough-bred Prussian *Junker* — and Bismarck prides

himself on being one — looks on his king as his sovereign "by the grace of God," holding sway over the life and the blood of his loyal vassals. Very often Count Bismarck — as afterwards Prince Bismarck — has not agreed with the king; and, far oftener than the public fancies, Bismarck has been the one to yield. When he speaks of the king he says "his Majesty," — a term which is far from being in general use — and the words are never uttered save with the deepest respect.

"I can never forget," said Prince Bismarck one day, "that his Majesty, in following my advice, has twice imperilled his crown. He condescended to take my counsel before going to war with Austria, and, four years later, before going to war with France. He knew full well when he did so that all he valued in the world was at stake. But he trusted me implicitly. For that reason alone I would serve him to the best of my power, so long as my services may be required by him."

It was really in order to satisfy the old emperor that Prince Bismarck consented last year to remain in office. His health, however, forbade him to continue the work he had done up to that time. A long leave of absence was granted to him. Count Stolberg-Wernigerode was appointed vice-chancellor, and it was agreed that the management of all ordinary business should be left to experienced statesmen like Von Bulow and Camphausen. It was settled, however, that all exceptionally great questions were to be referred for decision to Bismarck himself. His promise to attend personally to important business was couched in the form of a curious apologue.

"When a man goes out shooting early in the morning," he said at one of his Parliamentary receptions, "he begins by firing away at all sorts of game, and is quite willing to walk a couple of miles over heavy ground in order to get a shot at some wild fowl. But when he has travelled the whole day long, when his game-bag is full, and he is nearing home — hungry, thirsty, covered with dust, and tired to death — all he asks for is rest. He shakes his head when the keeper tells him that he has only a few steps to take to get at some birds in the adjoining field, quite near the house. 'I have enough of that game,' he says. But let somebody come and tell him — 'There, in the thickest part of yonder forest, you can get at a boar,' and you will see that weary man, if he has the blood of a sportsman in his

veins, forget all his fatigue, gather himself up, and, striding away, penetrate into the forest, — not to be satisfied until he has found the animal and slain it. I am like that man. I have been out shooting since sunrise. It is now getting late. I have done a good day's hard work, and I am weary. Other people may fire at hares and partridges; I have quite enough of that sort of game. . . . But, gentlemen, if a boar is to be slain, let me know about it, and I will go into the thick of the forest and try to kill him."

He has kept his word. He has lived on quietly at Varzin and at Friedrichsruhe, as long as there were only small birds flying over the political horizon; but as soon as Congress met, Bismarck was there to preside. And we may feel sure that he will not desert the field so long as the battle against Socialism is raging in Germany.

Women seem to have exercised singularly little influence over Bismarck. There is an old story of his having once been in love before he married; but the story is so vague, that we may well doubt its resting on any solid foundation. It is more than likely that he did not entirely escape that sweet disease of youth called "love-fever;" but he had it probably in a mild form, and it soon passed away. At all events, it left no traces. The fact is, that he married at the age of thirty-two, and that since that day nobody — not even his worst enemy — has attempted to throw the slightest suspicion on his character as a husband and a father. His domestic life has been thoroughly pure, and it is well known by all who surround him that he shows unflinching severity towards all breakers of the seventh commandment. While he is indulgent to most youthful extravagances and frolics — of which his own early days were full — he cannot tolerate libertines, who seem to inspire him with a natural antipathy bordering on disgust. Though always kind and courteous in female society, Bismarck has never distinguished any of the numerous beauties he has met in his life so as to authorize even a suspicion that he paid special attention to any woman, still less that he courted any. He has had affectionate and respected female friends — among whom the grand duchess Helena of Russia must be reckoned — but the only women who, to all appearances, have found room in his heart and occupied it, are his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter.

Bismarck's mother, Louise Wilhelmine Menken, was born in 1789, and married

in 1806, when she was only sixteen. She died on the 1st of January 1839, without having witnessed her son's greatness. She bore to her husband, Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck (born in 1771, died in 1845), six children, three of whom Ferdinand, Johanna, and Franz, died in infancy; while three others, Bernard (born 1810), Otto (born 1815), and Malvina are still living.

Malvina, Bismarck's youngest and only surviving sister, was born in 1827, and married in 1844 Baron Oscar von Arnim-Kroechendorff. The relations between this lady and her brother Otto have always been of a singularly affectionate character. He used to treat her, when they were both at home, with a tender deference that student-brothers rarely show to their younger sisters. Those who remember seeing them as young people together, say that he was as kind and respectful to her as if she had been his bride. When she married, he wrote her a letter which is a curious mixture of playfulness and regret. "It is most unnatural and egotistical," he says, "that girls, who have bachelor brothers, should in an inconsiderate way go and get married, just as if they had nothing else to do in this world but to follow their own inclinations." In his letters he gives her all sorts of pet names; and even when he is at his hardest work, with his health giving way, and when all who approach him are awed by the expression of almost terrific severity on his countenance, his letters to "his beloved sister, his dearest Malvina, his dear little one," remain invariably kind, and are often full of evident good-humor. He cuts jokes about important affairs, about men who think themselves very big, and about himself. But when his sister is in trouble, he finds wonderfully concise expressions for conveying tender and deep sympathy, and through the whole correspondence there runs, so to speak, one unbroken thread of profound brotherly love.

The wife of Prince Bismarck, Johanna von Puttkammer, of an old and noble Pomeranian family, was born in 1824. He made her acquaintance at the marriage of one of his friends, where she acted as bridesmaid, and two years later — in 1847 — he asked her to become his wife. Her family was not at first disposed to accept his proposals. At that time Herr von Bismarck enjoyed a rather curious reputation. He was surnamed "*der tolle Bismarck*" (mad Bismarck), and had earned this title by his numerous duels, his daring feats of horsemanship, and some widely-spread an-

eccedents concerning his attitude generally towards professors, burgomasters, and other respectable members of what German students call "Philistine society." But more especially he owed his surname to the very noisy revels he used to hold with a number of exceedingly loud young men at Kniephof and at Schoenhausen. To quiet, respectable, religious people like the Putkammers, he did not appear a very eligible suitor for an only and beloved child. Bismarck, however, settled the question at once. He walked up to Miss Johanna, and having ascertained by a look that she sided with him, he folded her in his arms and said, turning to her astonished relatives, "What God has united, no man shall put asunder."

Princess Bismarck has preserved all the simplicity of her youth. She is a perfect specimen — in the best sense of the word — of the German *Hausfrau* (housewife). She is very quiet, bears her honors as the most natural thing in the world, holds fast by the old friends of humbler days, and has but one great object in life — to make her husband and children happy. She cares for them in a peaceful, motherly way; and her serenity and patience, which have always secured for Bismarck a quiet home, have certainly contributed to his success through life. "She it is," he once said to a friend, "who has made me what I am."

Prince Bismarck has three children — Marie, Herbert, and William. Count Herbert has entered the diplomatic service, and is at present his father's private secretary; his brother William has studied for the bar. Both brothers will probably enter Parliament this year. Countess Marie is said to be her father's favorite child and to resemble him most in character. She was betrothed two years ago to Count Eulenburg; but her affianced lover, while staying at Varzin, fell ill and died suddenly of typhoid fever. This tragic event cast for some time a deep gloom over the Bismarck family.

We have already quoted several letters of Prince Bismarck's. A very curious anthology might be made out of his correspondence, for he is an accomplished letter-writer. His writing is unusually large, bold, and distinct. It does not look like the hand of a man who writes quickly. It is probable that he writes as he speaks — rather slowly, always looking for the clearest possible expression of his thought. He especially dislikes obscurity and diffuseness. Knowing as he does, before he either writes or speaks, precisely what he wants to say, he is not satisfied until he

has found the exact translation into words of his ideas. Hence his hesitation in speech, and hence, probably, his slowness, likewise, in writing. His style, however, shows no signs of hesitation; it is limpid and fluent.

In his private letters Bismarck is witty, full of lively but not sarcastic humor, a close observer of men and things, and a contemptuous judge in respect of all that is mean. His letters seldom contain anything but facts and descriptions, and he scarcely ever indulges in sentiment. Now and then, however, one meets with a short passage which betrays genuine feeling stirring the depths of his heart. His imagery and comparisons are mostly very good, and sometimes exceedingly humorous.

Bismarck's official correspondence is remarkable for its lucidity. He does not leave a doubt as to what he means to say; and he is so concise, that from his longest despatches it would be difficult to strike out even a few words without impairing the sense of the whole document. He has a strong objection to exaggeration, and seldom employs a superlative of any kind. But when he does use a strong expression you may be sure he means it — as when he said, "We will never go to Canossa."

Of late Prince Bismarck has given up writing his despatches himself. On very important occasions only he now takes up the pen. Sometimes he notes down in pencil certain short sentences to be used in a despatch. He does this only when he wishes his opinion on some point to be expressed in the very words chosen by himself. But in most cases he is content to give his secretaries, who are well trained to their work, a few verbal instructions. While doing so he either walks up and down the room, or sits at his desk playing with a paper-knife. The attendant official, often himself a functionary of high rank, listens while the chancellor speaks, and takes short notes of his words. The countenance of Prince Bismarck during this kind of work is very curious. If he could be painted at such a time, and an abstract name were given to the picture, it would be entitled "Concentration of Thought."

Like all men who have accomplished great things, Bismarck has the power of concentrating, at a given moment, all the strength of his mind on one special point, and it is wonderful how clearly and how well he then sees that one point. He certainly could not dictate half-a-dozen letters at once, as it is said that Cæsar and Napoleon I. were able to do; it is even probable that he would consider it as a kind of humbug,

well fitted to astonish bystanders, but of very little use for the acceleration of work. Bismarck has frequently expressed the opinion that a thing is not well done unless it is done as well as possible; and that no thing, not even a small one, can be done as well as possible unless thorough attention is given to it. But while he objects to doing more than one thing at a time, he is able to pass quickly from one to another. Just as his eye, which seems to be fixed on the object upon which it rests, does not on that account dwell long on the same point, so his mind looks fixedly and through and through, so to speak, a special question, leaving it nevertheless suddenly and entirely as soon as attention is required by some other subject. The exhaustiveness of Bismarck's despatches, which seldom leave any part of a question unelucidated, should be attributed to the fact that he has trained himself always to attend thoroughly to the one special matter he has in hand.

Many of Bismarck's peculiarities as a writer are also observable in him as a speaker. He lacks some of the qualities which are considered almost indispensable to an orator. He not only speaks slowly, he actually stops — at the beginning of his speeches, at least — at every third or fourth word; one might suppose he had to overcome some organic difficulty in pronouncing his words. He sways himself gently backwards and forwards, he twirls his thumbs, and from time to time he looks at a scrap of paper upon which he has put down notes before speaking. To one who did not know him well he would certainly appear to be embarrassed, — nay, even intimidated. But this is not the case. He takes due account of those who are listening to him, but he is probably less disturbed by their presence than any other public speaker. He is heart and soul at his work, he wants to say all he thinks about the question, and he does not much care whether his way of speaking is pleasant or not. When he comes to a stop, his auditors feel that after all they have heard something worth listening to, and that every word Bismarck has used, and which he has taken so much pains to find, was the right one, bearing directly on the question. Somebody interrupts him; he does not retort quick as lightning, but after a few seconds — the time for weighing what he has just heard — there comes a crushing reply which falls heavily on the interrupter, and not unfrequently raises a laugh at his expense.

After a while he warms to his work, and

the conclusion of some of his speeches is very good, even from an exclusively oratorical point of view. The greater part of what he has said in debate reads well; it is full of sound common sense and logic, and is utterly free from high-sounding, empty phrases. If what Bismarck says were not good and forcible, no one would attend to him; but generally what he says appears from the first so weighty, that though he speaks badly, there is no orator more attentively listened to. And this was the case before he became a great man. In 1848, when his adversaries used to sneer freely at the Prussian *Junker*, and when he possessed but little influence, none of his speeches in the Prussian Parliament failed to attract more or less attention. One may like, or one may hate Bismarck, but every one must acknowledge that he is intellectually what he is physically — a powerful man. He himself knows this well, and relies on his own powers to an extraordinary extent. Hence his daring, which also forms so marked a feature in his character.

Bismarck's life is full of authentic anecdotes recording his singular fearlessness. As a child, he does not seem to know what danger is. His mother is in constant fear about him. If he does not get drowned, he will certainly break his neck. Many accidents happen to him, and he often has very narrow escapes, but somehow he always does escape. As he grows older he becomes more prudent, but still he does not know fear. Nothing daunts him. He likes his masters when they treat him kindly, and in that case they find him docile, studious, quiet even; but he rebels against those who try to subdue him by severity, and they can never get any authority over him.

In Göttingen, whither he went to study law, he got involved in four duels on the very day of his arrival, because, quite regardless of the respect due by a freshman to his seniors, he coolly and deliberately insulted four of these who had taken the liberty to laugh at him.

While in the army he saved his servant from drowning, at the risk of his own life. For this deed he got a medal, which for many years was the only decoration he had. He wears it still; and it is said — and we readily believe — that he is quite as proud of it as of the numberless ribbons, crosses, and stars which now cover his breast. An Austrian Excellency asked him one day in Frankfurt what that poor medal meant. "Oh," replied Bismarck coolly, "I rather like to save people from

drowning when I have a chance. That's what I got that medal for."

After 1848, Bismarck's courage was displayed on other fields. He was among the first, and certainly among the most conspicuous, of those who, while all around were carried away by the Revolution, or despaired of being able to resist it, stood up boldly and agitated openly against it. He took the lead of the reactionary party, and became very unpopular. The Liberal press in Prussia attacked him with great violence. In Parliament he met with vehement opposition. He seldom lost his temper, but he never retracted a single word of his attacks on the Revolution. Some allusions having been made to the fate which generally awaits those who try to resist the demands of a great people for liberty, he merely shrugged his shoulders. He is of opinion that "death on the scaffold may be a very honorable death."

While he was canvassing for his election at a place called Rathenow, an old farmer asked him if he thought it were of any use "to fight against those Berlin democrats."

"It is better to be the hammer than the anvil," replied Bismarck. "Let us attack them by all means!" This has been Bismarck's policy through life. As soon as he sees an enemy before him he commences the attack. He has always managed to be the hammer.

When he was on the point of leaving Rathenow, a mob surrounded the carriage, in which he was seated with his friend, Mr. Von Stechow. Stones were thrown at him, and one struck him on the shoulder. He rose, and, picking up the stone that had fallen in the carriage, he hurled it back at the crowd. It was a multitude against two men; but nobody dared to stop Bismarck's carriage.

In 1850, when the tide of political passion was still running very high, Bismarck went one day into a tavern at Berlin to take a glass of beer. A man near him, feeling himself supported by the presence of his friends, began to abuse a member of the royal family. Bismarck looked at him, and said quietly, "If you have not left this room before I have finished my beer, I'll break this pot over your head." He then emptied his glass very deliberately, and as the man took no heed of the warning, he did as he had threatened. He went up to the fellow and knocked him about the head with the pot till he fell, howling, on the ground. Bismarck then asked the waiter, "How much for the glass?" and, having paid for it, he walked away leisurely, without any one having dared to molest him.

Even at that time he was already a man of some political standing, and the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party; but, true to his principle, he always took the offensive, attacking his adversaries wherever he met them, and with all weapons.

Bismarck's attitude in Parliament had, of course, been much noticed at court. The king, Frederick William IV., had taken a great liking to the *Junker*, and when the post of Prussian minister at Frankfurt became vacant, he thought of offering it to Bismarck. He was rather surprised, however, when this latter, without asking time for reflection, declared himself ready to accept the king's proposal.

"But you are aware that it is a very difficult post, and it involves great responsibility?" said the king.

"Your Majesty may at all events give me a chance," replied Bismarck; "if I do not succeed, I can be recalled at any time."

The position which he at once assumed at Frankfurt created considerable astonishment there. Austria was at that time the ruling power in the *Bundesrath*, and the minor German States not only suffered this, as being legitimate and unavoidable, but they actually favored the pretensions of Austria; for they saw in the house of Hapsburg their natural protector against the Hohenzollern. The last representative of Prussia at the *Bund* had not been able to resent this, and had quietly consented to play a humble second part, Count Thun, the Austrian minister, and president of the *Bund*, being unmistakably No. 1. This had gone so far that Bismarck's predecessor had, like his colleagues possessed; and Bismarck acquired thereby a personal position which his predecessor had never enjoyed.

We have recalled these stories, though they are unimportant in themselves, because we have thought it interesting to show that Bismarck's "historical" audacity — if such a term may be used — has its origin in his native, inborn daring. It is not difficult to show a fearless front

when one is sure of being the strongest; boldness in such a case may be akin to arrogance and insolence. But it is far different when one man, to all appearances the weaker party, in the defence of what he thinks right faces powerful enemies. Bismarck has never been mean-spirited. He has not begun to talk loud and proudly and to be aggressive, since he has become a great man; on the contrary, he has risen to what he now is because he spoke and acted boldly and proudly when he was but a very small personage. At that time he was no more afraid of his horse, of his masters, of the senior students who wanted to snub him, of drowning, of a mob, than in later years he was afraid of a murderer firing at him, of Parliamentary majorities, of the hatred of a powerful political party, and lastly, of great nations who rose in arms against his policy. He has faced every kind of danger, though he was not blind to it, with the same undaunted courage.

He was not daunted when he was called a conspirator by his countrymen, nor when they accused him of having violated the Prussian constitution; and he showed singular serenity in those eventful days when William I., by his advice, went to war first with Austria and then with France. Prussia has proved herself stronger than either of those empires; but it should be borne in mind that, when she took the field, the almost universal belief, even among her friends, was that she would be beaten. But Bismarck was gifted with that boundless optimism, verging almost on madness, without which no great deed has ever been accomplished—the optimism which gives audacity, and which belongs to all great conquerors,—to Alexander, to Cæsar, and to Napoleon. He certainly hoped to win the game he was playing, but he could not conceal from himself that all would be over with him if he lost it. Like a man who is always willing to double his stakes, and who, though he has had for a long time an uninterrupted run of good luck, will nevertheless at each new game stake again and again his whole fortune on a single card, Bismarck has played higher and higher. What would Prince Bismarck be now if, after Duppel, Prussia had been beaten at Sadowa, or after Sadowa at Gravelotte? He thought of this, but he was never afraid. The poor gentleman-farmer, the *Junker* who had to contract debts in order to be able to live in town, became successively an influential politician, a Parliamentary leader, minister at Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, Paris; prime

minister, chancellor, count, prince; but still remained ready to give his adversaries new chances of defeating and crushing him; and it is our firm belief that, at the present moment, when he is at the pinnacle of power, presiding, so to speak, over the destinies of the civilized world, he would take up the gauntlet if it were thrown down to him, risk all he possesses, all he has won, and fight fiercely, fearlessly, with all his might and with all weapons, as he has always done.

There is a story told of Marshal Soult. It is said that in a battle where a strong position was to be carried by some of his troops who had been repulsed several times, and were hesitating to obey a new order to attack, Soult went to the front and called out to his soldiers: "You are afraid? What have you to lose? You can only win. You are nothing and have nothing. I am a marshal of France; I have two hundred thousand francs a year; I can gain nothing but may lose all—yet I am not afraid. Forward! follow me!" And he led the way and won the battle.

Such a man is Prince Bismarck. He has nothing more to gain; he can lose all he possesses, and that is immense; but he shows to the front whenever there is danger—and he is not afraid. This should be taken into account when he is judged. Fortune has not spoiled him, or, perhaps we ought rather to say, has not changed him. He has not become overbearing. He has never been the anvil—always the hammer. He is now, in that respect, what he was forty years ago; only then his will was not felt beyond Schoenhausen and Kniphof, whereas now it is felt all over the world.

A man cannot, with impunity, be raised above the great majority of his fellow-creatures. He inevitably acquires an exalted notion of his personal value, and is induced to form at the same time a rather low estimate of mankind in general. A man who has accomplished great things in spite of manifold obstacles is likely to think himself always in the right, and to consider those who oppose him as always in the wrong.

It should also be borne in mind that, as a rule, mankind has not much pride or self respect, and that most men go about begging—for bread, for money, for titles, for favors, for colored ribbon even, to be wore in the button-hole of their coat. Mendicity is even more widespread over the world than mendacity; and none have so much to suffer from it as those who, having conquered a high position for

themselves by energy, audacity, and self-reliance, feel, for that very reason, a specially uncharitable dislike to mendicants.

The begging letters received by a man like Prince Bismarck may be literally reckoned by thousands. Some time ago, when the chancellor was ill at Varzin, all letters addressed to him, which were not of a strictly private character, were sent back to Berlin, to be there read and answered. The greater number of these letters contained "most humble requests" — *gehorsamste Gesuche*, — yet scarcely any of these begging-letter-writers had any claim on the prince. One of the officials whose business it was to read these petitions — an orderly man, and apparently an amateur of statistics — amused himself by drawing up a list of all the requests for money only. They amounted to half a million sterling! The prince did not laugh when he was told this, but he shrugged his shoulders with a look of bitter contempt. On the other hand, it is natural that quiet, respectable people with proper dignity, who require nothing from the prince and do not wish to trouble him with their private affairs, should never be brought into contact with him, unless they stand in some official relation to him, or unless some real business takes them to him. So it has come to pass quite naturally, that Prince Bismarck sees a great deal of the mean side of humanity; and it is scarcely surprising that he should have become sceptical and even misanthropical. His experience proves that men, as a rule — a rule which, happily, suffers many exceptions — are not proud; that they are willing to humble themselves for very small considerations; that there are many bullies among them, and that those same bullies may be easily bullied. Bismarck is certainly well aware that there are many good, honest people in the world, but experience has taught him that it is his ill-fate to have dealings with a proportionately small number of these. He is firmly attached to the few men and women whom he trusts, because he knows them to be his true friends; but he is suspicious of strangers. His first thought, when he sees a new face, may naturally be, "Well, what does this man want of me?" This would explain why he is generally feared, though his intimate friends are loud in their praises of his kindness and amiability.

Prince Bismarck's health has given way of late. He has not husbanded his strength, and has never led what may be called, from a hygienic point of view, a rational life. His nerves, which have been

overstrained, have become morbidly sensitive. His sleep is not good: he goes to bed at abnormally late hours, and often only finds rest when the sun is above the horizon. Under these circumstances, life in the country, where he sees nobody but members of his own family and a few friends who have been invited either as his guests or to act as his secretaries, is what suits him best. His visits to Varzin and to Friedrichsruhe have gradually become longer and longer. It is probable that this will go on, and that he will end his eventful life as the "Hermit of Varzin" — a name which has already been applied to him.

When he is in the country Bismarck leads the life of a squire of the old school. He looks carefully after his property, takes great interest in his peasants, goes out riding, hunting, and shooting, and is no free-thinker. He has always — without ostentation but with great earnestness — professed to be a religious man. "Life would be worth nothing," he writes to his brother-in-law, "if it were to be ended by death here below." And in another letter of his we find the following passage: "I do not understand how a man who reflects on his own condition can endure the sorrows and troubles of this life, if he has not a firm belief in God."

II.

In the foregoing pages we have attempted to sketch the outline of Bismarck's character. We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject. A man's character is a wonderfully complicated affair — a curious compound of things good and evil, great and mean. Strange and even inexplicable contradictions puzzle the observer; and he who aspires to be complete in his description must always fail. It is impossible, in such matters, to speak "the whole truth." "Nothing but the truth" may be said by any one who chooses; and we have endeavored to perform, at any rate, that part of the duty of an honest witness.

To complete our sketch within its narrow limits, we have still to give, in chronological order, the most important dates in the German chancellor's life.

Edward-Leopold-Otto von Bismarck was born at Schoenhausen on the 1st of April, 1815. His father, who seems to have been a very kind-hearted, jovial sort of man, inserted in a Berlin paper a notice of his son's birth, with an injunction to his friends "not to congratulate him" (*unter Verbittung des Glückwunsches*).

Schoenhausen had been very badly treated by the French soldiery during the invasion. Fearful stories as to the cruelty of the enemy were told among the peasantry; and there can be no doubt that young Bismarck's early impressions in regard to Frenchmen were of anything but an agreeable nature. This explains why he was not very willing to listen when, in 1871, complaints were brought him respecting the conduct of the German soldiers in France. He had reasons of his own for believing that his countrymen, when compared to the victorious French in Germany, had behaved with humanity.

At six years old young Otto was sent to school in Berlin. He did not distinguish himself there in any particular way, but he managed somehow, and without taking much trouble, to get in good time through all the classes of the gymnasium. At seventeen — a rather early age — he obtained his qualification for the university. His favorite study at school had been history.

From Berlin, Bismarck went, in 1832, to Göttingen, where he remained during three half-years, and where his memory still lives among his successors at the "Georgia-Augusta" — his college — as an expert rider, swordsman, and swimmer, and above all, a most joyous companion. In a picture of that date, he is represented as tall and slender, with enormous riding-boots called *Kanonen*; he has a long pipe in his hand, and by his side is an immense mastiff. His predilection for this somewhat dangerous kind of animal has remained unaltered, and he has always had, and still has, at least one dog of that species. His attendance at college while at Göttingen left everything to be desired, — in fact, he scarcely attended at all.

Bismarck concluded his academical studies in Berlin, and began in 1835, at the age of twenty, his official career as *Auskultator* at the *Stadtgericht* — municipal court of justice — in that town. He spent afterwards some time at Aix la-Chapelle, Potsdam, and Greifswald, and served as a soldier in the Prussian army from 1838 to 1839; but soon afterwards he left the public service altogether to take charge — conjointly with his elder brother, Bernard — of his father's estates, which were at that time in very bad condition.

Old Herr von Bismarck died in 1845. His son Otto, who of late had been living in Pomerania, on a property called Kniephof, now took possession of Schoenhausen. He added the name of this place, where his family had lived for centuries, to his

own, and thenceforward was known as Bismarck-Schoenhausen.

In 1847, at the age of thirty-two, he began his parliamentary career in the first Prussian *Landtag*, as one of the representatives of the nobility (*Ritterschaft*) of the Marches. This assembly only sat for a short time: Bismarck, however, found an opportunity to make known his political opinions, which were those of a staunch Tory.

After the Revolution — 18th March 1848 — Bismarck once more appeared in the *Landtag* at Berlin. He opposed with all his might, but unsuccessfully, the electoral law proposed by the Liberals, which he designated as "the Jena of the Prussian nobility;" and was one of the originators and the leading spirit of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the organ of the Conservative, or, to speak more correctly, the reactionary party in Prussia. It was then — when the Revolution was at the height of its power and seemed irresistible — that Bismarck used words which have become historical, and have often been thrown in his teeth: "All great cities ought to be swept off the face of the earth, for they are the hotbeds of Revolution."

After the dissolution — in the autumn of 1848 — of the first National Assembly, in which Bismarck had not been able to obtain a seat, he was elected, in 1849, member for West Havelland (Brandenburg). His reputation as a fierce opponent of democracy was already well established, and he confirmed it by his attitude in the Chamber. He boldly declared that the men of '48 — "the heroes of March," as they were often called — were merely rebels, and thereby raised a storm of indignation which swept through the whole Liberal press of Germany, and made Herr von Bismarck the most unpopular leader of the Conservative party. During the next two years he took a prominent part in all the political battles which were fought in Germany. "Proud of being a Prussian nobleman," as he declared on several occasions, he opposed all measures which tended to the establishment of a German empire, in which the power of Prussia would have been swamped. Even the offer of the imperial crown to Frederick-William IV. did not make Bismarck waver. He was quite willing, as he proved twenty years later, that his sovereign should become emperor of Germany, but only on condition of his power being supreme. Rather than see the king of Prussia become a vassal of the president of a parlia-

ment, he preferred — to use his own words — that Prussia should remain Prussia.

Frederick-William IV. acknowledged his obligations to Bismarck for his defence of the privileges of the Prussian crown, by appointing him in 1851 minister to the *Bundestag* at Frankfurt, where he remained till 1859. The letters he wrote at that time show very little respect for his colleagues, who seem to have at once exasperated and amused him by their slowness and their love for empty form. The eight years which he spent in their society were, however, of immense service to him. He had an opportunity of studying in their minutest details all the political questions which were then agitating Europe, and especially of coming to the conclusion that the relations between Austria and Prussia, as they then existed, could not endure — Austria on every occasion asserting a sort of supremacy to which Prussia could no longer submit.

"Our relations with Austria must inevitably change," he said to Count Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador in Berlin; "they must become either better or worse. The government of his Majesty the king of Prussia would most sincerely prefer the first alternative; but if the Austrian cabinet refuses to meet us half-way, it will become necessary for us to prepare for the second."

When Bismarck spoke thus in 1862, he was minister for foreign affairs in Berlin, but the opinion he expressed was founded on what he had seen and felt while he represented Prussia at the *Bundestag*.

From Frankfurt, Bismarck went in 1859 as Prussian minister to St. Petersburg. There he met with the warmest welcome. Prince Gortschakoff, who had been in Frankfurt from 1850 to 1854, was on very friendly terms with him. They sympathized on many points. The Russians had bitterly resented the attitude of Austria during the Crimean war, and "Austrian ingratitude" was still proverbial in St. Petersburg. Bismarck openly expressed the opinion that Prussia would make a great mistake if she became Austria's ally against France and Italy. This being known not only at court, but among the public, made him at once popular. The good understanding between the Prussian and the Russian governments, which proved of such great service to Prussia in 1870, while, at the present moment, it is so advantageous to Russia, may, no doubt, be traced in its origin to the family ties which unite the emperors William and Alexander, but it has been singularly strengthened

by that friendly policy of Prussia towards Russia which Bismarck invariably recommended.

He left St. Petersburg in the beginning of 1862, and in May of the same year was appointed minister to Paris. He remained only a few months in France, and as it was summer-time and Paris was empty, he passed the greater part of his time away from his official residence. We hear of his being at Trouville, Chambord, Biarritz, Luchon, Montpellier, Toulouse, etc. He travelled over a good deal of French ground, and his observant eyes saw a good deal of the French people. His relations with the government were excellent; he was liked at court, and particularly distinguished by the emperor Napoleon III.

Then came what has been called in Prussia "the conflict." William I., who in January 1861 had become king of Prussia, could not agree with the representatives of the people. He wanted money for the reorganization of the army, and they would not vote the budget which his ministers required. The House of Nobles sided with the king against the Lower House; but the king required a man of more than common energy, as president of the cabinet, to fight his parliamentary battles. Neither Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, nor Prince Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, had shown themselves competent. William I. saw only one man who was both willing and able to fill efficiently the post of premier in a cabinet, which was firmly resolved to maintain the royal will to the last, — and that man was Bismarck. In September 1862 he assumed the presidency of the cabinet.

The new prime minister fully justified the king's choice. He threw himself boldly into the fight; and seeing that it was impossible to win over the majority of the Chamber on the military question, and that a dissolution and new elections did not bring him nearer to his object, he undertook to govern the country without a budget regularly voted by Parliament. Like the king, he was convinced that Prussia must have a strong army; on that point he would not yield; and it was while defending the position he had taken up on that question that he used the words which have so often been quoted since: "The great questions of the world," he said, "are not settled by speeches or by the decisions of a parliamentary majority, but by *blood and iron*."

It is but right to note here that Bismarck's resistance to the Chamber was based on his interpretation of a particular

paragraph of the Prussian constitution; and that, some years later, Parliament, by passing a bill of indemnity, condoned all that had been declared unconstitutional in his administration during the "conflict."

The internal difficulties against which Bismarck had to contend did not prevent his giving full attention to foreign affairs. Prussia could only be made as great as he wished her to be—as great as, in his opinion, she ought to be—if she took an active part in all the important questions of European politics. There were great risks to be incurred; but Bismarck was not afraid of risks. He felt almost unlimited confidence in the value of Prussian soldiers; and he was quite willing to give them a chance of proving their superiority. It was unavoidable that, sooner or later, they would have to try their strength against one or other of Prussia's neighbors. Hence Bismarck's attitude towards foreign cabinets. At the very time when he seemed to be overwhelmed with troubles at home, he stood with his hand on the hilt of his sword, ready to draw it at the shortest notice, if any one should even hint at the necessity for a change in Prussia's foreign policy.

During the Polish insurrection, he signed a convention with Russia. This gave great dissatisfaction, not only in Berlin, where the Liberal party attacked the government with much vehemence, but also in London and in Paris. There were rumors afloat of an armed intervention of France, England, and Austria in favor of Poland. Bismarck took no heed of these, and they died away, without having done him any harm, soon after the insurrection had been crushed by the Russian government.

The next eight years, from 1863 to 1871, are the most eventful in Bismarck's life. They are marked by the three wars—against Denmark, Austria, and France. All his actions belong thenceforward to history. But for that very reason we cannot and must not dwell upon them. We cannot attempt to write the contemporary history of Europe.

Throughout these eight years, which have seen Austria—so long the leading power in Germany—fall back behind Prussia; which have witnessed the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, the establishment of a republic in France, and a new empire in Germany—Bismarck's will and Bismarck's power have been the great impelling forces at work on the Continent. He has accomplished what he has aimed at during his whole life; Germany has be-

come the greatest military power in Europe; the chief of the Hohenzollern family is at the head of that power; and Bismarck himself is the most powerful man in his own country.

Prince Bismarck's triumph was complete. Every German knew that it was Bismarck who, standing by the king's side, had urged him not to hesitate, but boldly to try the strength of Prussia against Austria and against France. Every German felt proud of the success which had been achieved, and proud of having, in some degree, contributed to it; for there was scarcely a man who—if he had not been himself in the field—had not had some of his nearest relatives fighting at Königsgrätz or Sedan. "He knew better than we did what we were worth," they said, speaking of Bismarck: they were grateful to him for having held them in such high esteem, and elated at having deserved it.

Nevertheless the chancellor could not rest upon his laurels. A man in his position, and with his character, cannot live without making enemies. They arose on all sides: Feudalists, Particularists, Roman Catholics, Socialists. Some reproached him with having forsaken the party which had supported him during his struggle with the Revolution; others accused him of wanting to "Prussify" all Germany—maybe the whole world. The Roman Catholics spoke of him as of an incarnation of the Antichrist; the Socialists proclaimed him an enemy of humanity. He faced his aggressors wherever he met them: he turned from one to another, never weary of fighting.

And still the battle rages. Bismarck's adversaries seem to be gaining strength. While he has been presiding over the Congress at Berlin, Germany has been agitated by the coming elections. It is very possible that the new Parliament may oppose the political measures which the chancellor has thought necessary to recommend as a safeguard against the spread of Socialism. Bismarck may once more have to do battle. Who can say that he will be again victorious? But if he remains faithful to his past—and there can be no doubt that he will—he will never yield. He will fight to the last for what he considers the right; and if he falls before the day is won, it will be after a fearful struggle, after having inflicted heavy wounds upon his enemies, and with his face to the foe. His epitaph should be: "He was a powerful and a fearless man."

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IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.

BY WALTER H. PATER.

I.

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE.

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor, aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighborhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit—in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favorable upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown upon him. In that half-spiritualized house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there—of which indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and accident of homely color and form, from the wood and the bricks of it; half, mere soul-stuff, floated

thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams, at least, of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it, (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives) really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately, might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so light a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces, and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of colored silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed about, gave a view of the neighboring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog for the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness, or special fineness, in the

objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house, then, stood not far beyond the gloom and rumors of the town, among high garden walls, bright all summer-time with golden-rod, and brown-and-golden wall-flower, — *Flosparietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breadth of the neighboring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells — a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble — all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognized imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point an all-pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the bird-cage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-

tree fell through the air upon them, like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood! How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock forever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned houseroom in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise? The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences — our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance — belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation — that little white room with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings: and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents — the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow — become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound.

Thus far, for Florian, what all this had determined was a peculiarly strong sense of home — so forcible a motive with all of us — prompting to us our customary love of the earth, and the larger part of our fear of death, that revulsion we have from it, as from something strange, untried, unfriendly; though life-long imprisonment, they tell you, and final banishment from home is a thing bitterer still; the looking forward to but a short space, a mere childish *golter* and dessert of it, before the end, being so great a resource of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and the soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in lack of that, some power of solace to the thought of sleep in the home churchyard at least,

dead cheek by dead cheek, and with the rain soaking in upon one from above.

So powerful is this instinct, and yet such accidents as these so mechanically determine it; its essence being indeed the early familiar, as constituting our ideal, our typical conception, of rest and security. Out of so many possible conditions, just this for you, and that for me, brings ever the unmistakable realization of the delightful *chez soi*; this for the Englishman, for me and you, with the closely-drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp; that, quite other, for the wandering Arab, who folds his tent every morning, and makes his sleeping-place among haunted ruins, or in old tombs.

With Florian, then, the sense of home became singularly intense, his good fortune being that the special character of his home was in itself so essentially home-like. As, after many wanderings, I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home counties, by right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in the yellow of the sand below their gorse-bushes, and of a certain grey blue mist after rain, in the hollows of the hills there, welcome to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther south; so I think that the sort of house I have described, with precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just perceptible monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is, for Englishmen at least, typically home-like. And so for Florian that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place the wandering soul of him had happened to light on, as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony between such soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tranquil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession. The love of security, of an habitually undisputed standing-ground or sleeping-place, came to count for much in the generation and correcting of his thoughts, and afterwards as a salutary principle of restraint in all his wanderings of spirit. The wistful yearning towards home, in absence from it, as the shadows of evening deepened, and he followed in thought what was doing there from hour to hour, interpreted to him much of a yearning and regret he experienced afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone; and in the tears shed in such

absences there seemed always to be some soul-subduing foretaste of what his last tears might be.

So the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed." But upon this assured place, upon the child's assured soul, which resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain — recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them — and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people, and children, and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them. From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him — the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the surprisingly rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright color and choice form — the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said or sang — marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, the "lust of the eye," as the preacher says, which might lead him, one day, how far! Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way! In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy, too, the child knew, also to older people's surprise; real tears, once, of relief from long-strung, childish expectation, when he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow's feathers, and the peace at finding her again near him mingled all night with some intimate sense in him of the distant forest, the rumor of its breezes, with the glossy black-birds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the color in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life.

Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things — incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which

Goethe has called the *Weltschmerz*, and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to lie heavy upon him. A book lay in an old book-case, of which he cared to remember one picture—a woman sitting with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the hands of others—Queen Marie Antoinette, on her way to execution. We all remember David's drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless; but out of its very resistlessness, seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear; and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again, he would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly." Most poignantly of all he could recall, in un fading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul forever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too—of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice—how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet; and as there were starlings about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was

caught, and he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse, that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence; and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn, in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon—a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers—flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly, and in dreams, all night, he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters, or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar, the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also, then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed

to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him; and the longing for some undivided, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields, and trees, and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects; a protest in favor of real men and women against mere grey, unreal abstractions; and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us, and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But, certainly he came, more and more, to be unable to care for, or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in any wise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into incurable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin like pale amber, and his honey-like hair; of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices; and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the

child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give them; but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task burdened, a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning, through which sometimes he had noticed them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil.

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling—the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it—and coming in one afternoon in September, along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples left in the cool, old parlor, he remembered it the more, and how the colors struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden, severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflections; and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it—how it had then been with him—puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain; once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing—a white vision of heat about him, clinging closely through the languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well.

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the sensible world, then, as often afterwards, there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him—the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last morning, the last recognition of some

object of affection, hand or voice; it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be strangely vivid; one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, impressed how deeply on one! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death — the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the *Morgue* in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, among the flowers and incense and holy candles — the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless white linen — after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier; and hearing of the "resurrection of the just," he could think of him as still abroad in the world, somehow, for his protection — a grand, though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier's things, like the figure in the picture of Joshua's vision in the Bible — and of that, round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child — a dark space on the brilliant grass — the black mould lying heaped up round it, weighing down the little jewelled branches of the dwarf rose-bushes in flower. And therewith came full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier's things any longer abroad in the world for his protection! only a few poor, piteous bones; and above them possibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in the garden below an open window, he heard people talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless

hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence; and from the broken talk, evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people had really departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night though sometimes visible in the day, dodging from room to room, with no great good-will towards those who shared the place with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reverie of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning — an odd, irreconcilable new member of the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves — the *revenants* — pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him; even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness; at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight, stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances; and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope," a melancholy already deeply settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things; the more as

they came to him through a saintly person who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early preoccupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fountains of pure water; and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep, how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's vestment, sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place. His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained — a sacred history, indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intenser and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking — a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes from vanity and dulness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transaction — a complementary strain or burden, applied to our every-day existence, whereby the stray snatches of music in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities which are at once the reflex and the pattern of our nobler phases of life, housed themselves; and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realize and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for the actual took place in his thoughts. Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech-tree; mere passengers seemed like angels, bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticism brooded over real meetings and partings; marriages were made in heaven; and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body quietly asun-

der, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred color and significance; the very colors of things became themselves weighty with meanings, like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle, full of penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep effusive unction of the house of Bethany, was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence; and for a time he walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility — the desire of physical beauty — a strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music — these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house and was taken to live in another place. He had never left home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come; had been a little careless about others, even, in his strong desire for it — when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine; and all things — the very pavement with its dust at the roadside — seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were to travel by a favorite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found to have been left behind, and must even now — so it presented itself to him — have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart, of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house; and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little, stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead; and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realization of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of home-sickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he

was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, so fondly speculated on, of that favorite country road.

From The Spectator.
OUR YOUNG MASTERS.

BREAKING-UP day has come in hundreds of schools all over England, and boys have descended upon their happy parents and their peaceful homes. This has always been a serious event in the life of a household, and if we are not mistaken, it is likely to grow in importance. Boys used to be boys, and nothing else; that is to say, boisterous, mischievous beings, full of fun and frolic, but with a little consciousness that youth was not everything, and with a longing and ambition to quit school, and to be men. All this is changed. Some parent who has not made the discovery for himself previously, will make it before the holidays are over, as he witnesses the inroads of young life, and watches the pleasant, unconscious air with which the boys enter and take possession; the frankness with which, as Hood says, "they push us from our forms," or take the last magazine, or occupy the billiard-room or the bath-room during the favorite hours, and appropriate the conversation during the intermediate period. Many a parent will feel very small before he sorrowfully parts with his youngsters. The fact is that we have come to a state of things in which adults must be content to "fag" for the boys. It is the fate of age, and must be submitted to. As soon as the fatal trunks are dumped down at the door, and the juveniles' caps are hung up in the hall, we know our doom, and must resign ourselves to an abridged estate, if we would not be execrated by all right-thinking people as heartless old fogies. "The boys have come," and everybody else is henceforth a tenant-at-will in his own house. Business, pleasures, engagements, all must give way for a time to the young tyrants of our homes.

There is no need to be cynical or unfair, or to try to make out that lads are a whit worse at bottom than they were; perhaps they are, in many respects, better. There are many extenuating circumstances connected with the form — the mild form — of domestic slavery of which we speak. Boys, it must be owned, impose no harsh and degrading conditions on their elderly victims. They are, on the whole, indulgent masters. They like to see their

grown-up relatives happy and content. They ask no more than that their subjects should be obedient, and give them their attention and the results of their labor; and most of the worst sides of this tyranny will, we must say, compare favorably with the best aspects of slavery as seen in other lands. The "governor" is accorded a nominal precedence, in accordance with traditional usages or prejudices. No lad thinks of disputing his right to control his cheque-book, if his monopoly of his favorite armchair is a little in danger. He is treated by every well-disposed lad with the respect due to a bishop *in partibus*, or a colonial prelate; and it is only in regard to some trivial matters that he is taught to feel that, in the view of the young generation, "the child is father to the man" in a sense which Wordsworth scarcely contemplated. The lads treat their sisters, too, with chivalry, of course, and if they will listen to school chit-chat by the hour, and if they will not obtrude their own slightly silly and irrelevant interests on the patient, long-suffering, but still human Tom or Harry, they will be voted delightful companions. In fact, it must be said of "our masters" that they are considerate to every member of the household, from the head of the family to puss coiled on the hearth-rug. They insist only that every one shall bear in mind that "the boys are come," and that they are not to be lightly interfered with if on wet days they keep sliding down the banisters, against the orders of the former, or pull and pinch the tail of the latter in a vacant minute, or persist in saddling and mounting the lame pony, against the remonstrances and entreaties of the groom. We doubt much whether one household in England will have cause to murmur during the holidays, if only the lads get their own way, and if their elders do not keep thinking and talking about their own stupid affairs.

But we must not defend youth through thick and thin. There is one peculiarity of the gentle tyranny now so cheerfully acquiesced in by every true and tender-hearted parent, which, we venture to assert, has never been approached in any species of servitude hitherto known. Boys usurp the entire conversation, they peremptorily determine what it shall be. As far as we know, no tyranny has ever imposed this condition on its helots. The Romans may, by indirect means, have virtually imposed the Latin tongue on some of their conquered provinces, but it is not averred in history that they sternly regulated the subjects of private discourse among the

vanquished. Certainly as long as a Gaul or a Dacian spoke in Latin, he might please himself as to what he talked about. The negroes might sing their songs or hymns, or preach their sermons, at will; the tunes and texts were not given out by their masters, who were indifferent, so long as the overseer was satisfied with their hoeing. But this is not so with us. Boys dictate the subjects of conversation, peremptorily impose their own interests on all comers, and resent ill-advised attempts to turn the talk into channels which concern their elders. The entrance of a public-school lad into a drawing-room or railway-carriage where conversation is going on necessitates a complete change of topic. When a friend had spoken to Balzac for some time of a great domestic calamity, the impatient novelist cut him short by saying, "Let us return to realities; let us talk of Eugénie Grandet." And in some such spirit acts the amiable young tyrant who finds himself among half-a-dozen men and women, middle-aged and elderly. The last novel or poem of merit, the *début* of a new singer at her Majesty's theatre, the position of the Eastern question, the correspondence between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, or the price of "Turks" or "Egyptians," may be the theme that is up. But each one must pocket his special interest or enthusiasm, when our young hero proceeds to bring the conversation to realities,—that is, to cricket, football, and "our fellows." An ignoramus who has nothing to say about "dribbling," and does not know all about the crack bowlers or the highest scores of the season, must sit in silence. The weak-minded person who chats for two or three minutes about juvenile things and then slides back into his old talk, under the delusion that he has done his duty and paid due homage, is soon given to understand that he is not to escape in that way,—that he must toe the line, and that he must not thus trifle with his juniors.

The truth is that youth, or rather boyhood, has become the most important time of life, and that boys now know and feel this. In other days, it was left to age to speak of the joys of youth. Its possessors, little conscious of their wealth, looked forward with straining, longing eyes to manhood, its freedom and its strength. This has changed. Boys wish to be and remain boys as long as possible, and when grown to man's estate, they desire to be at least "old boys." They have learned to feel that the best things of life come before twenty, and that they will sink from the

position of masters into that of slaves and "fags" when that age is past. To tell how they have managed to attain their present position of power, would be a long story; it would be a useless inquiry, too, for their ascendancy is too firmly established to be disturbed by their weak elders. But what wonder is there if it exists? What Eastern despot had ever more flatterers? Do the nostrils of the Grand Lama or the sultan inhale more of the incense of adulation than the modern English schoolboy, who stands it all, we must say, in a truly surprising way. Newspapers chronicle and comment on his sports and little victories as if they were events of great national interest. His teachers make his scholastic successes the theme of speeches; and there is a great conspiracy to make out that he is the most important person in the scheme of existence. Any one may see an illustration of the sense of awe and importance with which all concerned regard the modern schoolboy and his affairs, by turning to a very pleasant little book, excellently written, called "Uppingham-by-the-Sea." (Macmillan and Co.) It is the history of the Uppingham School while it was in quarantine at the remote Welsh village of Borth, and it is impossible to read it without a feeling of the huge proportions which an incident in the history of a school may assume, in the eyes of those who belong to it. It was, no doubt, a plucky and useful thing to transplant the school, after scarlet-fever had twice shown itself at Uppingham, and the narrative of the migration is flowing and pleasant. But when we find chapters telling how the dinners were eaten at Borth and how the sudden strain on the laundry was met, all fortified with stately quotations from Shakespeare and the "Iliad"—when we find the narrative as solemn and highly-wrought as De Quincey's or Gibbon's—we realize the overwhelming and even alarming importance of the modern schoolboy, and how he has come to be Cæsar to us all.

From Public Opinion.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF OUR OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS.

JOURNAL DES DEBATS, Paris, July 22.

THE first unpleasant impression produced in France by the news of the occupation of Cyprus is now calmed down, and it must be admitted that we contributed to the utmost of our power in producing this

desirable result. The language of the English press, Lord Beaconsfield's speech, and the diplomatic explanations given to us have tended in no small measure to produce this result. The English have left nothing undone to spare French susceptibilities, and all their statesmen manifest a firm intention, not only of preserving, but of making closer the good relations which they have with us. We will assist them in this to the best of our power. But the English must not indulge in the illusion that they have nothing to reproach themselves with so far as France is concerned. The secrecy and mystery, the jealous and suspicious care with which England conducted the Cyprus negotiations, could not fail to wound us. Let England reply to the following question: If France in the days of her power had done what England has just accomplished, and if she had done it in the same manner, what would England have thought of us from Dover to Inverness? We need only allude to the manner in which our annexation of Savoy was received in England, to show how such matters have been regarded in the past. We do this with no desire of raising recriminations which are almost always useless, and would now be specially ill-timed. We merely wish that the English would not display such a profound and candid astonishment at the emotion excited in France by the news of the occupation of Cyprus. If Englishmen will consent to reflect a little, they will admit that nothing could be more natural than our emotion, and that in our place they would have experienced feelings not less strong, and, perhaps, more lasting.

LE TELEGRAPHE, Athens.

THE English at Cyprus. We need not discuss from a moral point of view the bargain of which the island of Cyprus is the price. England, which has every interest in defending Turkey against future attacks, has extorted payment for such protection by the cession of Cyprus, the fairest and richest of the islands of the Mediterranean. This is all profit, as England thus indemnifies herself for services which she renders in a manner to herself. We cannot conceal the fact that we heard of this occupation of a Greek island by a great Western power with a surprise mingled with bitterness. For it amounts to a postponement to an unknown, but assuredly distant period, of the union of Cyprus with the mother country. Yet when we reflect that it is the flag of free England that will henceforth float over Cyprus, we

are somewhat consoled by the thought that the local liberties will be peacefully developed under the shadow of that flag. . . . The inhabitants of Cyprus pass like a flock of sheep from under the dominion of the Porte to that of England; but the moral and material interests of the island have nothing to fear from the British protectorate. The inhabitants will not be the rajahs of England; they will be the subjects of the queen, and, as such, will be entitled to all the liberties enjoyed in all parts of the world by English colonists to whom they will find themselves assimilated by their position.

VOCE DELLA VERITA, Rome.

IN Asia, the occupation of the island of Cyprus is only the means to an end. The true scope of the Anglo-Turkish treaty is to establish in that island a powerful station in which to reunite mighty forces, in order effectually to exercise a protectorate which shall oppose an insurmountable barrier to the encroachment of Russia. Henceforward at the least movement of Russia in those parts, she will find herself face to face, not with Turkey, but with England. In Europe the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina on the part of Austria will produce an effect similar to that of the Anglo-Turkish treaty in Asia. Already the officious organs of Vienna are speaking of the bases of the new administration (to be confided to General Philipovich), and these bases constitute an absolute annexation to the Austrian empire. . . . Every one must perceive that this combination in Asia and in Europe is made to the detriment of Russia, and the exclusive advantage of Austria and England. And whilst the Russian delegates believed themselves to have obtained the substance of the Treaty of Santo Stefano by giving up the husk, a sudden *coup de théâtre* has entirely changed the aspect of things, and Russia finds herself in a far worse condition than at the beginning of the war. The only advantages obtained by her are the city and port of Batoum, of which she may make another Sebastopol, and the retrocession of Bessarabia. But to the greater ambitious views of Russia an insurmountable obstacle has opposed itself.

IL BERSAGLIERE, Rome.

THE divine island has been sold by the eunuchs of Constantinople to the usurers of London. Poor Cyprus! assailed by so many forces, defended by so much valor, bathed by so much Italian blood, who

could have told thee that one day thou shouldst be sold for a handful of gold, to merchants come from the fogs of the north? They buy and will make profit of their acquisition; they will turn the cannon of Famagousta, where the Italian founders impressed their names, against the Italian ships ploughing that sea. They, from the rocks where the flag of Savoy waved, will seek to sink the ships carrying the flag of Italy. Oh, how sweet it would be to think that this also was a dream! Nevertheless, patience. Upon the shores of the Mediterranean rose Carthage, the emporium of universal commerce, the terror of the world; and a few years later Marius, the great exile, sat meditating among her ruins.

LA LIBERTA, Rome.

AUSTRIA at Cattare and England at Cyprus, represent facts which for us are of a gravity sufficient to involve the most serious complications — facts with which Italy cannot and ought not to be content. They fatally open the door to consequences which will day by day become more imperious.

From The Economist.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF CYPRUS.

THE following statistics as to the agricultural products of Cyprus are taken from a report furnished to the Imperial Geographical Society of Vienna by an officer of the Austrian army. Although written so far back as 1873, the report will still be found interesting, owing to the great scarcity of information regarding the island. Of wheat, which is one of its chief products, Cyprus raises in a good year about one million five hundred thousand bushels. Of these about one million bushels are consumed in the island, leaving about five hundred thousand bushels for export. The shipments commence in the month of June, and in 1872 the average price of wheat, placed free on board ship, was about 4s. 2d. per bushel. Barley is also cultivated to a considerable extent, but the bulk of it is consumed in the island; and in some localities small quantities of

maize, oats, and millet are raised. Carobs, or locust-beans, are largely cultivated. The annual harvest of these varies from eight thousand to twelve thousand tons, and the fruit is generally ready for export about the beginning of September. Its price varies from 70s. to 140s. per ton, and about three-fourths of the total export goes to Russia, Egypt taking the bulk of the remainder. Of raisins, Cyprus produces annually about one hundred and fifty tons. They are of medium quality, fetch about 11s. per ton, and are mostly shipped to Alexandria, Beyrout, and Constantinople. Wine is still one of the chief products of the island. About one hundred and forty thousand gallons of the common red wine are produced yearly, the retail price being about 10d. a gallon. Somewhere about one-third of this quantity is consumed on the island. Of the better wines, the annual product is about eighteen thousand gallons, and these are nearly all exported. They are bought up by speculators, who store them until matured; the price ultimately realized for Commandine, which is the kind most sought after, varying from 4s. 2d. a gallon when it is two years old, to twenty times that sum when it has been kept for twenty-five years. Brandy also is made from raisins and damaged grapes, and about thirty-four thousand gallons are sent each year to Alexandria. Nearly eight thousand bales of cotton, of the average weight of two hundredweight each, are exported yearly, the home consumption absorbing an additional one thousand bales. Silk used to be an important article of export, but owing to the outbreak of a disease the production has been greatly curtailed. In good years about two hundred and twenty thousand gallons of olive oil, two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty tons of madder root, and one hundred tons of nuts are produced. Sumach grows without particular care, and from three hundred to four hundred tons are yearly exported to England and Syria. In 1873 the total value of the exports from Cyprus was 360,000l., and of the imports, 88,000l. In 1875, according to our consular reports, the exports amounted to 384,000l., and the imports to 209,000l. Two-thirds of the total tonnage of ships trading with Cyprus belonged to Austria.